

# The RUDDER

A Publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club



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### Next Meeting

**Sept. 16 @ Willows at Fifth**  
 Near the old Terminal Station  
 (formerly The Green Jacket)  
 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 August 2003 Meeting

The meeting was wrestled into a semblance of order by our ever so ebullient Fearless Leader, our Curmudgeonly Commodore, Steve Dillard. (Harrumph! Harrumph!) Steve promptly demurred to the lovely and tireless Jan Dillard, our esteemed Treasurer. (She's so cute when she's efficient!) Jan informed us that we are

still in a state of slight solvency helped along by a few more T-shirt sales from the Cherry Blossom Regatta. Welcome news indeed. Steve regained the helm and requested input on the subject of 'old business'. There was some sporadic mumbling and muttering that was promptly ignored and we moved on to new business. Steve asked for a Secretary's Report but other than "my typing sucks, I don't know what the heck I'm doing and the Rudder is late again" I didn't have much to contribute. Ron Katz tried to save me from myself by interjecting his 'Cruise Director' report, thus generating a chaotic cacophony on the upcoming Labor Day Cruise. Mike Nixon relayed an invitation from the Dixie Sailing Club for racing and a fiesta to follow; though they insist that this time we bring our own beverages and a little something for the buffet. Bob Horan imparted some welcome info on the marina at Wind Creek Park. A little 'verbal pugilism' broke out as to the best place to meet and launch. The resulting split decision being par for the course.

Bob updated us on the upcoming Treasure Hunt, Rodeo and Commodores cookout. Carl informed us that for the cookout Marcus Borders would handle the vittles. (If you haven't been the beneficiary of Marcus' culinary genius, my condolences!)

Phil Martin reminded us of the weekly events at Lake Tobosofkee with the Special Olympians. If you haven't participated with Phil and his motley crew then you are sadly remiss in the fun department. If you don't thoroughly enjoy being a part of this crowd, then you must be a left-handed communist!

Ron Katz entertained suggestions for some fall cruises, which were numerous and hotly debated. If you have any thoughts on the matter, bring 'em to the next meeting to be kicked around. (The suggestions of course, we do try so hard not to do bodily harm to paying members!)

That's about it, as far as my notes go. If I missed anything, let me know and I'll probably ignore it next time, too. . . and we all played well together and went home.

-Gimp

### Commodore's Notes

Here it is September already! Time for the Treasure Hunt, the Rodeo and the Commodore's Cookout.

LJSC had a gaggle of boats go adventuring to Lake Martin in Alabama this past Labor Day. The trip to the

lake was short but not without its perils. As far as trailers go, my luck held on course...bad. One of the surge brakes decided to lock up before we got out of Lizella. A judicious use of hammer caused the brake to release and remain well mannered for the rest of the trip.

Most of the group had arrived at Wind Creek State Park before us. They watched with amazement as we rigged in minutes and were ready to launch in record time. The only thing I forgot was to put the plug in the transom. "Plug?" you say, "Sailboats ain't got no plugs!" ...You are correct! Your Commodore took a powerboat to a sailing function!!! Horrors!

We spent Friday night ashore in our new "Truck Tent". The tent attaches to the rear of the Suburban to form a kind of house. It was interesting. Saturday dawned with scattered clouds...and little wind. Everyone got underway and basically sat...except for **Money Pit**. After two years of tribulation, the motor started and ran...without dumping oil into the bilge! We roared out to visit our becalmed friends in grand powerboat fashion...throwing wake and showing scant regard for anybody or anything in our path. It was glorious.

We powered to Acapulco Rock to watch the crazies give themselves wedgies and eat some lunch. We left the Rock and toured the area around the dam. Lake Martin is a beautiful but confusing lake. We got lost several times among the many islands that dot the lake. And, of course, the GPS chose this trip to die so I had no breadcrumbs to follow back to the rest of the group at the northern end of the lake. We rejoined the group in a gunkhole near Doctor' Island. We swam and lazed the afternoon away. Jan and I took a severe ribbing about the powerboat until I mentioned that I saw **nine** powerboats because there was no wind!!! As evening approached, we left the group to spend another night ashore in the tent at Wind Creek. We promised to see the group on Sunday morning. We didn't...I apologize. Jan and I awaken Sunday morning feeling less than wonderful...bad, in fact. We decided to pack it in and run for home.

It was a good trip, but for the rest of the story you'll have to read the other articles.

Happy sailing...er,boating.  
Stephen Dillard

**Schedule of Events for 2003 are as follows:**

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**OSYC Open Events**

Halloween Regatta .....Nov. 1-2

**Labor Day Weekend Cruise**

Bob Horan - Lake Martin, AL.

I start this article to document my Cruise on Lake

Martin on Labor Day Weekend 2003. Sorry I do not have quite the literary skills of other LJSC members including Greg Milani and Michael Dortch and I probably will not be referencing legends like King Neptune or giant squids or lost treasures, but none the less this is my story and I am sticking to it.

The stage was set for me when I arrived at OSYC to pick up Anna B at 10:30 PM after coming in from Athens GA. with a load of household goods from Linda's house that she had sold. Anna B was covered with pine straw, and looking very neglected after sitting on the trailer under a pine tree for nearly two months. Brushing off the pine straw and gathering up all the pieces required for towing, I headed home. The first thing I did on arriving home at Midnight was to put a battery charger on each of the dead marine batteries, then get to bed so I could get on the road early Friday morning headed for Alabama.

Morning came too quick and I started packing and was able to get on the road with a full tank of gas and ice chests full by 9:50 AM. I stopped to top of my tank in Opelika and as I was pumping gas, I saw Tom Wellman rolling by with his Macgregor in tow. Thinking I would be one of the later arrivals, I was surprised to find no other LJSC members at the boat ramp at Wind Creek when I arrived. Tom Wellman arrived a short time later and within a few hours more and more boats arrived. The total by the following evening totaled 8 sailboats and one power boat, but that another story.

As the afternoon got hotter things started going wrong. Tommy Barker and Jimmy Harrell moved their mast raising routine to a shaded area of the parking lot, with Tommy having a little trouble with some small branches. George got overheated ( Tom Wellman's little dog) and he was wisked off for a quick checkup after getting doused with some lake water to cool him off. With the temp in the sun rising, the launching slowed down and I finally sailed off about 3:30 PM with only Tom's Macgregor launched yet. Kind of boring so far, but I forgot to tell you what arrived as I was getting ready to push away from the dock. Our Commodore rolled in pulling a large PowerBoat. Imagine that!! A fine example he set for us. Being as how I sailed off and did not get much chance to swap stories with him, you will probably have to ask the other members the whole story, although the boat's name is **Money Pit**

Friday evening was some good sailing and I sailed down the lake going up wind making some good progress. The evening was uneventful while on the hook in a sheltered creek, but I did put two anchors down and the wind was blowing a lot during a threatening storm. The next day, Saturday, Very light winds. I finally gave up after a couple of miles and motored to a small bay behind Sam Black Is. Spent the afternoon rowing, swimming, hiking, and reading. Near 3:30 PM, more dark clouds with lightening to the South, the fleet joined me for a safe anchorage. With Jimmy Harrell acting as 'Anchoring Director' we each dropped anchor and

attached a stern line to a fixed point on shore. The storm passed quickly with no rain, but the location was good for the night. The water was great, and we enjoyed the evening. Steve must have known of the approaching storm or he just wanted to get back to the State Park before it got dark, but he pulled out just before the lightening started and the wind picked up. A quick change of anchors for Michael Nixon, and a second anchor for me and a change of anchor swing for Tom Wellman and we all moved inside our cabins as the rain came down and the lightening snapped not far away. It was so quiet the next morning because of our location that you hardly knew you were on the water. I was accused of being the harbormaster while rowing my dinghy between boats, so with that authority I suggested John Davis put a little effort into scrubbing the deck of his boat before sailing out. I then disconnected each boat from shore including Ron Katz, who had used an anchor thrown into some poison ivy for his stern line. Thanks Ron.

There was wind - - we sailed up to Acapulco Rock for lunch. Anchoring in 30-60 ft of steep declining lake bottom made for interesting activities. I tried to tie to a stump but found it was floating and had to abandon it when I was 10ft from shore. This area was the best water for swimming but the boat traffic was overwhelming. After lunch, Jimmy sailed out to tell us that the wind was blowing and it was time to sail. I sailed into Blue Creek looking for Gold at the Blue Hill Gold Mine. I found lots of boats, 3ft seas at times, great wind (too much for me to be sailing alone with my 150 jib up) and no gold mine. The map shows it, but all I found were houses, docks, more powerboats and power lines across the lake. I ducked behind an island and doused the 150 in favor of the 100 and sailed back. I took Tom Wellman's advice and looked for a shelter for the night at Young's Is. Nice anchorage, water a little dirty, but I was safe from any big wind.

Morning came early and I was up by 5:30 getting breakfast and getting ready to sail out on the dawn's early light. 6:50 AM, Monday morning, I sailed out of the cove at Young's Island with sails filled making 4kts. This was sailing at it's best. It was cool, 68-70 degrees, NO other boat traffic, the lake to my self, lake calm and a nice 8-10 Mph wind. That lasted till about 8:00 AM, when I came around the Island to sail into Wind Creek, the wind dropped to about 2-3 kts and I drifted up Wind Creek for the next hour till I passed the camping area and then cranked up to motor to the boat ramp.

Pulling out at 09:30 was pleasant since ramp traffic was not too bad. While I was pulling out and packing up, a whole nother adventure was happening on the other ramp. Ron Katz was attempting to load his San Juan 7.7 on his modified San Juan 23 trailer. He had it loaded many times but each was not quite right. His boat draws about 4.5 ft. and required using a strap or line tied to the trailer tongue to let the trailer roll far enough into the water. Having the boat stay in the right place on the

trailer as you pull it out using the strap or rope is quite a feat and Ron was learning this on the ramp while John Davis and Jimmy Harrell assisted him. There was to be one last attempt to get it on the trailer correctly, when I cranked up my truck and headed down the road for a trouble free drive home.

There were some lessons learned from this trip for a couple of the members.

Throw your shore anchor someplace other than into poison ivy.

Test your anchor to be sure it is holding before the wind tests it.

Don't leave your boat's boom at the house when you go on a cruise with the LJSC. Loading and unloading keel boats can be very difficult and usually not considered very trailerable.

If you freeze fresh meat in a Tupperware container near full of water, it will keep for a couple of days no problems except for allowing enough time for it to thaw on the day you want to cook it.

Raise your boat's mast in the shade if you can and make it easier for yourself.

Cruises on holiday weekends are too crowded.

Cruises later in the Fall would be more fun because it would be cooler. **(Ed.Note; pics will be posted on web site)**

### Captain Billy

Hazardous Greg

The dockside community called him Captain Billy. Nobody really knew his real name. He was just a greying old man of what was guessed to be sixty, or maybe fifty-five, and on the nights he'd had too much to drink at the Dockside Bar some would say he was seventy.

He lived in a twenty-six foot sloop called the Mary Jane. It may have been just a name but sometimes, when the wind was just right, there was a pungent odor in the air which reminded people of Jamaica.

**Captain Billy kept pretty much to himself, he would**  
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He needed a drink! "Would either of you care for something to drink?"

"I want a coke", replied Allison immediately.

No problem, he had lots of coke which he used to mix with his abundant supply of Captain Morgan's.

Adrien replied, "I'll have a wine cooler." As if to challenge Capt. Billy's ability to deliver.

Capt. Billy smiled smugly and went below. For he knew that swimming somewhere in the remainder of a ten pound block of ice were several wine coolers who had been there so long that the labels had drifted off into the water.

"Grape or orange, madam?"

"Pineapple", she responded, challenging him further.

Whammo! He had her, for almost the entire stock of cooler he had were indeed pineapple. Only one each of grape and orange remained. His ego soared for the first time in years. He had not failed. He had delivered, even if on a tiny scale!

They drank and Capt. Billy finally got around to actually hoisting sail. A fresh breeze came up and the Mary Jane was laid over on a perfect port tack headed for the open sea. The afternoon faded into a scenario which Capt. Billy could have only imagined in his wildest dreams. Adrien eventually was persuaded to take the helm and the sea entertained them with a command performance.

As the sun set it was all so perfect. The two women laughing, the pastel of the late afternoon. All things forgot. All of Capt. Billy's fondest memories washed back over his soul. His married productive years. People, Christmases, the birthday parties, George, the neighbor next door who was always borrowing his lawnmower because his was broken down. And, most sorrowfully, his son Lance who had died in Viet Nam. He smiled in the waning light which hid the tears streaming down his face.

As is so often the case, the conversation of the mother and daughter was happily drowned out by the wind and waves. Capt. Billy was content to catch only bits and pieces of the conversation in the falling dark. It was time to come about. In less than an hour all would be dark. The full moon was as yet unable to supply his night vision with the means to get them safely back in.

Allisa was already confident to sail the Mary Jane back toward the sound where the lights of shoreside occupation lay waiting. Billy went below and came on deck with a beer for himself, a coke for Allison and a wine cooler for her mother. In the final ten minutes of daylight, they ghosted up to the slip where Rudy was waiting with a drink in his hand.

"I was beginning to worry about you Billy, how did it go?"

Allisa laughed out, "Oh! It was totally awesome! I love to sail."

"It was nice", Billy said, "real nice".

The women shook Billy's hand and Allisa hugged him. Billy kissed her on the cheek and told them that

anytime they wanted to go back out, he would be ready. They walked back up to the dock together. Rudy and Billy escorted the females to their car. As they walked away, Capt. Billy felt his very soul was leaving with them.

"Come on", said Rudy, "I'll buy you a drink. It's Friday night you know and already a few of the old broads have been asking for you. Don't let me down."

The band was tuning up and Billy told Rudy he would be along directly. He went back to the Mary Jane, went below and closed the hatch. He turned on the interior lights and opened a beer. As the band opened with the first song of the night, the strains of Neil Diamonds 'Kentucky Woman' drifted into his ears. There were only two women on his mind right now and they were gone. They were gone. They were gone.

Allisa had left her scarf and her sunscreen on the V-berth. Billy folded it and put it aside telling himself that she would return later and retrieve it. He sat down and lit a Camel. The laughter from the bar re-whetted his desire for companionship. He took a sponge bath, sprayed on some deodorant and put on some fresh shorts and a T-shirt advertising 'Bike Week 1989'.

Capt. Billy headed back to the 'Bottoms Up' and took his usual place at the end of the bar. Ann promptly handed him a draft beer and smiled warmly.

"Welcome back Billy", she said, "How was your day?"

She took the time to make him welcome for she sincerely liked the old guy who reminded her of her own brother Alex, an insurance salesman who dropped by on occasion. She hoped the two of them would meet.

It wasn't long before Billy was joined on both sides by Rachel, who had a passing interest in him, and another woman, a graying spinster named Margerite. Margerite obviously was feeling no pain and shook out a Marlboro which she motioned to Billy for a light. Capt. Billy fumbled for a match which he did not have and Ann came to his rescue giving him a book of matches advertising the Bottom's Up bar. Billy nodded his thanks and proceeded to light the spinster's cigarette. He was beginning to wish that he was back on his boat but at least here were human beings who acknowledged his existence. He began to forget the day and get into the night. An old proverb began to filter into his mind. 'Any port in a storm'.

It wasn't long when, after he had answered a few questions from Margerite such as, "What's your zodiac sign", etc., that she had him out on the floor. He lost himself in the music which was beginning to sound quite good. Finally that old feeling swept over him. "To hell with it all". He soon found that he was the only coot around that was not with anyone and soon he found himself in a booth with three women. The band was really beginning to rock and Ann was delivering pitcher after pitcher of draft beer. Finally he had had enough. He excused himself toward the bathroom and when the women weren't looking he slipped out the side door and weren't back to his boat.

There were only two women on his mind now, Adriene and Allisa. The beautiful mother and daughter who had linked him to his past. He closed the hatch and fought back tears. His past was so sad that he could no longer really cry. He sat like a stone until dawn.

The next morning he got back his hope. He took a mop and some bleach. He swabbed off the deck and cockpit and shook out the cushions. He sprayed some Lysol and bought some ice. He bought some more coke and made sure that every type of wine coolers were aboard. Then he waited.

Rudy came down at 1:00 o'clock.

"I need some help", he said.

Capt. Billy followed him back to the bar and helped him unload some kegs of beer and a truckload of frozen hamburger and fries for the restaurant. Then he rode with Rudy to fill up the truck and check the mail at the P.O. box. Then he went back to the bar for a beer and some lunch.

Capt. Billy could contain himself no longer.

"Have you heard anything of Ms. Foster? I thought they would be back."

Rudy sensed Billy's concern and simply said, "No, I haven't."

Capt. Billy went back to the Mary Jane and waited for three days. Then at the end of the fourth day he cast off. He motored back into the sound and set sail. He never came back.

Rumors came back from Jacksonville that a sailboat had been hit in the dead of night by a freighter from Costa Rica. The forward watchman reported a collision at 02:36 hours.

Rudy read the morning news which featured a small article on the fourth page. The 'Contessa' had hit a small sailing craft the day before. The crew was missing and presumed lost. There was no trace of the boat.

That afternoon Adriene and Allisa showed up at the dock and inquired "Where is Capt. Billy? We'd love to go sailing!"

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**

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

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**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](mailto:jhinesite@aol.com) \$9000**

Wanted: Dinghy

**Contact Jorge Picabea 478-471-6255**

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### 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**