



and we'd all much rather go sailing than to a funeral.

Next in the ring for discussion was the New Years Party / January Meeting. After another lively discussion with no reported injuries, we resolved to have it at the palatial digs of the Abram's, home of our illustrious Commodore, on Saturday, January 15th beginning around 4:00 p.m. It was decided to grill steaks, which will facilitate a charge of \$5.00 per person to cover the cost of the meat with the membership providing the side dishes. Food assignments will be the reverse of the Christmas Party. (Those of you who can't do the math, A-G brings dessert, H-Z brings a covered dish.) Other details left hanging, or that I forgot, will probably be covered at the next meeting.

Discussion of the new year segued into talks about the 2005 Sherry Blossom Regatta. There are a lot of details to work out so please don't be afraid to lend a hand.

Ron Katz informed us of plans for the Sea Scouts to sponsor a Coastal Navigation Course. Details to come.

Ashley Saylor, Killian Dortch and Jimmy Mosely gave us a very informative talk on the results of the Landsailer Competition. Carl Saylor even had some home movies of the maiden voyage on his laptop. These kids did one hell of a job and produced a first class product. (I had them push me around the yard in it...even with no wind, it was a hoot!)

At this point the meeting began to degenerate into its usual conversational chaos as Warren quickly moved to adjourn the official part of the meeting. And we all played well together and went home.

Gimp

Schedule of Events for 2004 are as follows:

Dec. 18.....Christmas Party; @ the Dillard's
Jan. 15, '05.....New Years Party; @ the Abram's

"Lettitor" from the Editor:

Well folks, it's been two years since Calvin Smith and Jimmy Harrell coerced me into taking this job. It's been interesting. I hope y'all don't mind that I have tried to have fun with it, and I really have had fun with it! Now it's time for someone else to have fun. I hope that I haven't offended anyone too terribly bad, it was all in fun. I'm not sure if I handled things the way I was supposed to, or did all the things I was supposed to do, but I gave it a shot. I had a lot of help during the learning curve, especially from Jimmy and Carl. The rest I kinda' made up as I went along.

I didn't know much about the structure or proprieties of social organizations when I was asked to do this, and still don't. My first thought was "Do y'all really want the lunatic involved in running the asylum?" I'm pretty sure the person that invented the 'Robert's Rules of Order' is probably spinning in their grave at around 2500 RPM. Guess I didn't screw it up too terribly bad as no one has asked for my head on a pike, so far.

The really cool thing about this club is the eclectic mix of the membership. There are folks from every quadrant of the social, economic, professional, religious, political, etc. strata and all have something to contribute. The only thing required is an appreciation for, and a love of playing in blowboats. No matter how 'different' you think you are, there is a contribution you can make, a talent you can share or a hand you can lend that won't get bit. Some may snap or growl a might, but they don't bite. Who knows, you may learn something about yourself. I know I did. That's the great thing about volunteering, you never know where it will take you. Where else could a long-haired tattooed reticent retired back-sliding Zen Buddhist redneck Libertarian gimp with a propensity for bloviating bulls**t, armed with a thesaurus be able to find out that that there are even stranger folks out there that actually want to read this stuff? If I could do it, it should be a piece of cake for you. Just remember; 'when the going gets tough, the weird turn pro!'

Thanks for the opportunity, folks. I still intend to write some stuff for the newsletter...y'all can't get rid of me that easy. Maybe my writing will improve without the pressure of meeting a deadline...and maybe not! One last request; please give the new Secretary all the help and support that you have shown me as they take this job and make it their own, cause that's what it's all about...variety.

Gimp

Panama Hell

By John Davis

We have found that there is no such thing as being too well prepared!

A few weeks ago Sherry and I decided to take a trip to Panama City and enjoy a few days of cruising. The trip down was uneventful and we launched, set everything up and made sure we were prepared for any event (so we thought). The next day was rainy, not at all like the weather forecast. We sat back and relaxed, did a little shopping and ate a good supper. Friday came, a bright and sunny day. NOAA forecast 13-knot winds and 3 to 5 ft. seas. 'All right, we are going to have fun sailing today!' We headed out of the jetty to play in the Gulf. Our agenda was to go out of sight of land then turn toward Crooked Island, drop the hook behind it, cook some steaks and sleep through the night.

Well, we did make it out of sight of land, tacked toward Crooked Island in 5-ft. seas and a few minutes later Sherry was seasick. I changed my heading and slowed to a smoother sail and Sherry felt better. We finally made it to the entrance of Crooked Island to find the pass closed by the three hurricanes this year. We had a problem, in about an hour it would be dark, the winds had shifted (the wrong way) and we did not want to be in the open sea at night with now 15-knot winds and 5 to 6 ft. seas.

We had seen another pass about three miles back, so we started our motor and ran full tilt for cover. When we got to the next pass, we found it was also closed. While trying to look closer at the pass, a wave came sneaking up behind us and we were surfing toward being good and grounded.

Luckily we managed to avoid that and started motoring back toward St. Andrews Bay. At the point of refilling the tank once again, we decided that we would have to sail the rest of the way to the jetty so we would have enough gas to make it past the rocks without trouble.

It was now very dark, no moon at all that night, and the winds were up to 15 to 18 knots, the seas 6 to 8 ft. and we had almost no gas. We sailed toward the pass against the wind and the tide. We reefed the main, pulled in the roller furling some and dug in to fight nature (nature was winning).

After 12 hours at the helm I had to hit the head and unfortunately that is exactly what I did. With Sherry at the helm I went below, then we hit a wave wrong. I fell backwards against the wall and knocked out the GPS power. Now we were in the pitch back Gulf with high winds and seas and no GPS. We did not have enough forward speed to change tack without jibing. After a couple more hours of fighting to get to the pass, we decided that since we were about 5 miles out we should just turn on the motor, use what gas we had to get as close as possible and call for help if we needed it. We made it to the pass, into the jetty and then gave out of gas with the tide going out. As luck would have it the wind had shifted a little though and we moved out of the main current into safe waters.

There was a great deal more that went on that night, but after 16 hours we were safely anchored and crawling into our bunks, not having had lunch or supper, but happy to be safe, dry and tucked into bed.

If we had carried a second spare tank of gas, we would have been back in the bay for a late meal. We've found that preparation is one of the more important things in life.

(Editor's note: John Davis' uncle wrote the following article, if the name doesn't sound familiar. Great article!)

THAR SHE BLOWS!

By Don Emerson

The Dock Master at our marina spoke firmly to all of us live-a-boarders at the meeting: "You WILL install holding tanks in your boats... period. If you are caught with an operational head (toilet) that dumps directly overboard, the U.S. Coast Guard fine is two... thousand... five... hundred... dollars."

My heart skipped a beat. Where on my sailboat was I going to find space for a holding tank? The bilge was already full of rusted pig iron, two cases of swollen canned tomatoes and a trash bag full of WW2 surplus dried food. The latter came with the old wooden boat several years before. The only solution I could think of was to sacrifice one of the forty-gallon water tanks. There were two (port and starboard) beneath the opposing couches in the saloon. I decided to give up the port tank. NAIAD always had a slight list to starboard and storing sewage might help the boat sail about the same on either tack.

However, once I had the tank modified where was I going to pump out the sewage after it filled? Typical of the government, they never considered that once holding tanks got

full sailors would have to dump *somewhere*. There were no pump-out facilities within fifty miles of our marina. The only solution was to sail out beyond the fifteen-mile limit and dump. You can throw anything overboard in International Waters except crude oil, and some aliens. Unfortunately it would take all day to sail out there and back and I wanted to legally dump at the marina. This would call for some ingenuity.

My first step in this sanitary enterprise was to rig up a system to use a pump between the holding tank and a Y valve, with a by-pass shunt to a hose fitting on deck. That way the grinder in the head would dump the effluent into the tank. From there I could pump the stuff from a deck fitting through a garden hose to a commode in the bathhouse. I explained my plan to the Dock Master and he gave it a reluctant OK.

The bathhouse toilet was a good six or eight feet above mean low tide, and over fifty feet from my slip, so it took several days to locate the pump I believed would do the job. The other stuff came easy: hoses, clamps, couplings, valves, switches and wires. Since this was such a high-tech enterprise I decided it was best to jury-rig the system first to make sure it worked. My trial run worked flawlessly. The electric pump and grinder in the head did its job well and my pumping system between the holding tank and the deck fitting proved its worth. The garden hose, routed between the boat and the bathhouse easily transported the effluent to the men's room commode. Skeptical onlookers from our boating community were amazed at the successful operation and gave me high praise. There for a while they lost confidence when a gangplank I invented failed. I was squashed between the boat and the dock. I remember overhearing someone in the ambulance saying my chest looked like a crown roast.

But there was a problem. After the installation was completed it wouldn't work! Obviously there was a kink in a hose or a plugged fitting somewhere in the line; but most of the components were now buried behind panels, bulkheads or in the bilge. I searched fruitlessly for the source of the problem for several days. Meanwhile, my holding tank began to fill at an alarming rate and the atmosphere in and around my boat was getting pretty ripe. Manatees that usually entertained tourists every afternoon disappeared. Finally the Dock Master showed up one afternoon, handkerchief over his nostrils, and ordered me to put out to sea.

I passed the word I was going to depart early the next morning to empty the holding tank far out in the Gulf. If anyone wanted to go along they were welcome. There were no takers, of course.

Shortly before dawn, however, just as I was untying the dock lines to depart, an elderly, bent old man reeled out of the early morning mist. His peculiar gait was typical of a seaman who had spent most of his life on a rolling, slanted deck. I recognized him immediately. He had arrived three or four days before, single-handling a classic 44-foot schooner. He was also suffering with a bad cold.

Pausing in the glow of the spreader lights on my mainmast, he peered down at me in such a way that I remained rooted to the deck, frozen in place. His hair, a tangled white mane, fell from beneath a dirty stocking cap to cascade into a

full beard. Behind all the foliage, his deeply set eyes peered through a mass of wrinkles, a condition not uncommon in those who had spent a lifetime squinting into the sun at limitless horizons. Hovering over me, his twisted fingers, with their thick, cracked nails, nervously clutched and released as though reefing a sail on some storm tossed sea. He reminded me of my grandfather who used to milk twenty cows every morning. Gramps hands never lost that nervous habit either. The old man cleared his throat with a grunt, releasing me from my bondage. "Permission to come aboard?" he croaked.

I quickly motioned him on. As most sailors do, when meeting one another, I overlooked his shabby appearance, balancing that against the condition of his boat. It came into our marina shipshape and Bristol. There was enough glistening varnish and white trim to Pavlov any boater into a mouth-watering frenzy of envy. The old man leaned over, grasped a main shroud, and nimbly stepped down on deck. And so it was we began what promised to be *the* perfect trip: the sky overhead was clear, the wind was blowing fifteen knots out of the southwest, the seas were two to four feet, the auxiliary engine was idling smoothly and, best of all, I now had a chance to learn a little more about my new shipmate. We would be together for seven or eight hours at the very least. Rumor around the marina had it that he had crossed the Atlantic twice and sailed with the famous Tristan Jones on one of his epic voyages. While the old sea dog skillfully coiled the spring lines I shoved the engine in gear and backed out of the slip. We were soon motoring down the Manatee River toward Tampa Bay. Just as dawn began to illuminate the east shore of Egmont Key we cleared Emerson Point (no kin) and started across the Bay to the Gulf. The grizzled seaman nodded toward the tiller and I gladly turned the vessel over to him while I tended to the sails.

My boat was a classic Sea Bird design -- a gaff-rigged yawl for those in the know --and there was plenty of work involved in hoisting the sails, hauling in the sheets, and tuning the rig without the benefit of winches. Occasionally I would drop down into the cockpit, take the helm to feel the load on the tiller, and then bound back on deck to tighten this sheet or loosen that, making sure the boat wasn't working against herself. The old man nodded approvingly at my seamanship and I was proud of myself, and my boat.

During the first hour or so, while crossing the bay toward Egmont Key, my helmsman loosened up and entertained me with his stories. I was sort of new at the game and my blue water sailing adventures were still before me. He'd been there... done that. I hung on every word instead of thinking about the reason for our voyage. I would pay dearly for that error in judgment.

Crossing to the ship channel and clearing Egmont Key, the breeze quickened and my old boat heeled, her rigging groaning. My heart leapt at the feel as I tugged on the iron hard mainsheet and listened to the sizzle of the water burbling off our stern. No doubt about it, that full tank of waste matter definitely improved NAIAD'S sailing qualities on the port tack.

However, all was not well with my companion. His rosy

cheeks, what you could see of them, turned a grim shade of green and I took the helm. He went below and flopped on the port couch. I sat back to enjoy the trip pondering over what might have made him so ill. I wasn't long in finding out.

The swells, cork-screwing the boat through the water as we sailed along, stirred the contents of the un-baffled holding tank, spewing forth a powerful odor from the tank's air vent. The fumes were sucked up into the billowing main sail only to be plunged down into the cockpit. No head cold could conquer that odor. I decided to go about on another tack hoping the powerful stench might be diverted in a different direction. I put the helm up and the boat slowed into the wind and the sails fluttered loosely. I rushed forward, gathered up the jib and held it over, backing the canvass. The wind caught the other side, the jib ballooned out, the main slammed over, and the mizzen followed suit. The boat abruptly heeled on this new tack. This was a tricky maneuver I had really mastered.

A loud thump and scream from below reminded me I had forgotten about my guest. Had he been on deck I would have followed protocol and yelled out, "Stand by to go about!"

Still clinging to the main mast for support I glanced back at the stern and noticed several gulls swarming behind. It reminded me of those pictures I had seen of gulls following garbage scows out of New York Harbor. Except some of these birds seemed to falter and fall into the sea, never to resurface. And something else was peculiar; there were no porpoises. Our area was overpopulated with them and I began to feel a little lonely. I dove below to where my very ill, and now very angry guest greeted me by advising he planned to stay on the saloon floor for the duration of the trip. Carefully stepping over him I retrieved and inserted a cassette tape into a playback unit. In a few moments Rampal, the world's greatest flautist, was fluting the Brandenburg Concerto over the masthead speakers. Rampal always fetched the playful bottlenoses-- but not this time.

Thankfully the new tack helped divert the noxious fumes and I was able to position myself in the cockpit so the odor, though still present, wasn't so powerful. We sailed on until the shore was but a thin line on the horizon. Assuming we were well beyond the fifteen-mile limit I released the main and jib sheets, dropped those sails, hauled up tight on the mizzen and NAIAD nosed into the wind. Releasing the tiller, the rudder flopped over with a bang and the boat did a little tumble and dance before deciding what to do in the quartering seas. My mind was no longer on impressing my guest with seamanship, only on dumping the offensive tank.

My companion grudgingly gave up his spread-eagle position on the floor and climbed back on the couch, swallowing and burping indelicately. I felt sorry for him and understood his plight. After all, didn't Horatio Hornblower get sick every time he put out to sea? And what about Lord Nelson and Lord Chichester, the greatest seamen that ever sailed? The old man, now turning gray, curled up his knees in a fetal position and faced the bulkhead.

I fumbled with the valve controls protruding from in front of the couch and switched the "Y" valve over so the effluent would be discharged directly from the tank into the sea. I

switched on the pump. At first it ran smoothly, then it began to strain and groan. I wondered what could be loading it down so heavily. Technically, with the "Y" valve opened, and the tank being a few feet above sea level, the effluent should have drained out of the tank with or without the pump operating. As NAIAD wobbled and slid back down the swells, pitching and rolling like a dog trying to free itself from a short leash, I tried to reassure my companion the system was working properly. However, it wasn't, and I couldn't figure out why it wasn't. Meanwhile the pump's thockata-thockata slowed to a thonka-thonka.... thonk.... thonk!

The old man motioned to me weakly. "I think something is moving," he groaned, feeling beneath his bottom. I reassured him everything was OK while I puzzled over the problem.

No!" By damn!" he leaped to his feet and bounded to the other side of the saloon. "It's the couch. *The couch is moving!*"

I studied the cushions. No doubt about it, they were definitely behaving in a peculiar manner--bobbing up and down. The pump continued to labor while I pondered the reason for the unusual upholstorial behavior. My shipmate stepped beside me, clutching my arm. "Well DO something!" he hissed between clenched teeth.

Lucky for him, unfortunately my mouth was agape.

With an explosive whoosh the lid blew off the tank. The cushions ricocheted around the cabin, and what is termed by experimental psychologists as the "AhHah factor" made the correct connections among my neurons. "So THAT'S what's wrong," I muttered aloud, staring down at the wreckage beneath dripping eyebrows. Obviously, when I rotated the pump around to fit it in place, I forgot to reverse the hose hook-up. The damn pump was forcing seawater into the tank instead of pumping the awful, offal out.

The old man ignored my comments. Arms outstretched, he hobbled his way up the wildly pitching companionway, paused momentarily by the mizzen shrouds-- then stoically stepped into the sea. I followed along to the stern and tossed him a Coast Guard Approved ring buoy. I let out plenty of line before snubbing it off. He was safe enough. I figured any sharks in the area would have fled by now. It was blood they were after.

I went below to survey the mess and decided there was no hope. While throwing everything overboard that could be moved: cushions, curtains, maps, books, carpet, and clothing I figured out what had happened. Obviously some tissue had plugged the vent-hole when I lashed the tiller and the boat did its dance routine. Physics 101 will explain how and why the powerful pump created so much pressure. The tank, made of plywood with the inside coated and sealed with paraffin, had a three-quarter-inch lid, screwed down every two inches along the edges, and glued for good measure. Being made of wood, the tank was able to flex and expand, while building up tremendous pressure before exploding.

I rigged a hose, turned on the bilge pumps, and washed down the entire interior of the boat. After cleaning everything as best I could I dropped anchor and rigged a boarding ladder and jumped overboard to wash down. I then swam out to my

companion and convinced him to come back on board.

The seas calmed down, sunset promised a nice evening's sail, and by midnight we were motoring back up the river to the marina. During our return trip the old man told me a strange story while we washed our clothes in seawater. While drying off they became as stiff as a plywood cutout, by the way. For him it was all a fraud. He had only recently gone to sea. Actually it was his avid reading of sea stories that caused him to sell his dairy farm near St. Louis and follow a life long ambition. It also accounted for all those wonderful sea stories he laid on me while we were outbound on our ill-fated journey. He bought the classic, old schooner in New England and hired a captain to bring the boat down to Florida for him.

They stayed inside motoring down the Intracoastal Waterway; but it was not a happy trip. Two attempts to go outside and sail in blue water found him too seasick to function. Also, he and his captain didn't get along very well for most of the journey. There was an unfriendly parting at St. Petersburg. It was sheer luck on his part that he picked up enough knowledge along the way to safely motor his boat over to our marina without incident.

I never broke his confidence, or he mine, while others around the marina wondered why I was doing so much refurbishing. He, meanwhile, turned his boat over to a broker and moved to the other coast claiming that arthritis was making it necessary for him to give up his exciting life at sea. I have often wondered if he included our sail in his repertoire while entertaining innocents at his Ft. Lauderdale condo. I can hear him tell the story now:

"It was after leaving Tristan Jones, along with his crazy plan to haul a boat over the Andes, that I couldn't make up my mind whether to sail over to the Canaries or winter in the states. The states won out and I headed for Tampa, dropping anchor at Bradenton, Florida. I tied up along side this blockheaded landlubber who lived aboard an old yawl. He was about the dumbest, so-called sailor I ever met. Why these advertising types decide to retire and buy a boat is beyond me. Anyway, one day he----"

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

Tanzer 22: Sail # 1402 (built in 1979) Fin Keel has been sandblasted, faired, 2000e water barrier, race ready w new epoxy bottom coat. 8hp Evinrude long shaft w charger, custom galv. Performance tandem trailer w tongue ext., spare, hydr. surge stainless brakes, telescoping mast raising syst. Sails incl. main, 110 jib, 150 genoa, spinnaker & pole, sail cover for main, all control lines led to cockpit, adj. backstay. New rudder & custom cover, anchor well cover, sliding hatch

cover, bulkheads, windows & seals. Elec. sys. also new w dual batteries & volt meter w custom interior lighting, new anchor light & port-starb'd lighting. Tiller ext., port-a-potty, compass, lines, anchor, fenders, custom thick interior vented cushions & more. All exterior teak has been replaced w white HDP (high density poly), no maintenance. Excellent structural cond. & looks great too. Ready to cruise or race. Photo's of complete rework avail. <http://www.saylorspecialties.com/tanzer/> Boat is in Mid. GA, can deliver just about anywhere. \$7000.
Carl Saylor: 478-320-7130; carl@saylorspecialties.com

Starwind 19: Harding trailer, Nissan 9hp (I think) motor. Attractive price.
Contact David Block; 478-454-1071

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@saylorspecialties.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. Trailer repairs, odd projects most welcome. **Contact D. Wilson; 770-358-4684**

LAKE JULIETTE SAILING CLUB

Please return undeliverable Items to:

Editor,
 321 Oak Valley Dr.
 Macon, GA 31217

Autowizard; Auto, Truck and Trailer accessories.
Contact Ron Katz; 478-742-7426

Wanted: Dinghy
Contact Jorge Picabea 478-471-6255

1965 O'Day 17; Fiberglass w wood trim, 3 sails, trailer, 2hp Mariner motor, life vests, throw cushion, paddle anchor. Good condition – Ready to sail. \$3000 / OBO
Contact: Warren Abrams – 770-228-3865

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

Have Beer, Will Crew! Bob Hargrove with over 35 yrs experience will bring beer for an opportunity to crew your boat on LJSC Cruises.
Call 743-8172 or email; hargrove_rj@mercer.edu

Trailer Tire; New 185x80x13 heavy duty tire & Wheel; \$65
Ron Katz; 478-742-3556 – autowizard@aol.com

'86 ¾ Ton Suburban; Ducks Unlimited edition, 4WD, Tow Pkg., New Tires, all buzzers & whistles, \$4000
Call; K.W. Wood 478-836-3506