

# The RUDDER

A Publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club



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## Next Meeting

Buffalo's Café, 5990 Zebulon Rd.  
**September 21, 2004**  
 Room reserved for 6:00 p.m.  
 Meeting starts at 7:00 p.m.

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Other info at [www.lakejuliettesailingclub.org](http://www.lakejuliettesailingclub.org)

## Minutes of August '04 Meeting

Our Esteemed Commodore, the Right Honorable Warren Abrams, brought us to order in spite of our proclivity for chaos. Amid the rattle of cutlery, our esteemed visitors were acknowledged and introduced, the names being inaudible to me due to my lowly status at the far end of the room. Sorry about that folks. New members, George and Mary Ealer, were introduced to the club. I got their names because I was sitting across the table from them. Nice folks, too.

The previous Meeting Minutes, supplied by the proficiently lovable Bob Horan, were accepted as written.

The Secretary promptly thanked Bob profusely for stepping in and covering his posterior with such efficiency and panache. Thanks again, Bob.

Warren then proceeded to call upon the handsome and debonair Vice-Commodore, Warren Hughes for his report. Warren's succinct response cleverly referenced his article in the previous issue of the Rudder. If you missed that article, you need to go back and read it. Great stuff.

The Secretary was next to be called to account for his egregious lapse of the previous month. Abject apologies were offered and a flogging was averted, or at least, postponed.

Next up, our ever-so-lovely and sophisticated Treasurer, Jan Dillard. Jan allowed as how we were still solvent, but still didn't have sufficient funds to tempt hubby Steve from absconding with the funds to Mexico for a life of decadence and debauchery. He must have expensive tastes.

The call for new business was answered by Bob Horan. Bob proposed an alternate for the Labor Day Cruise in light of the impending arrival of Hurricane Charlie...or was it Ivan? At any rate, the general consensus was that Florida probably wouldn't be a good place to be this month. Bob also proposed the weekend of the 25<sup>th</sup> Sept. for the annual Treasure Hunt.

The lovely and demure Ashley Saylor informed us of a challenge between two teams, one of which is comprised of three young adults of the LJSC, to wit, Ashley Saylor, Killian Dortch and Jimmy Mosely. The purpose of the challenge is to see which team can build the best 'Land Sailer'. The rules being that the two teams have to do the work and have to acquire the materials through donations or 'out-of-pocket'. I have seen some of their preliminary designs and I am really impressed with the effort these kids have put into this. If you've got any spare hardware, these kids could use it.

About this time I got distracted watching Steve flirting with the waitress, but I don't think I missed anything important as the meeting began its gradual decline into conversational chaos...and we all played well together and went home.

Gimp

## Schedule of Events for 2004 are as follows:

Sept. 25 ..... Treasure Hunt, Lake Juliette  
 Oct. 30-31 ..... Halloween Regatta, OSYC

## Treasure Hunt 2004

This year, because of the rain from Francis, we will have plenty of water in Lake Juliette. Bob Horan is again coordinating the hunt. It is to be held on the 25th of September with the skippers meeting at 11:00 and the start at 12:00. The Hunt ends at 5PM and all jars not turned in by then will not be counted. There will be approx. 15 jars placed and of course the prizes vary from wacky to nice. Warren Hughes picked up the Annual Treasure Hunt Plaque and will be returning it this year to be awarded to the finder of this year's jar. Sorry Warren, you have to give it up!!

For those that are new to the Club, the Treasure Hunt is an annual event mostly held on Lake Juliette depending on how much water is in the lake. Bob will hide empty peanut butter jars around the lake with numbers in them. He will have a treasure map for every skipper and a list of additional clues. At the skippers meeting he will hand out the map and clues along with a set of rules for the hunt. At the start each skipper will pick a particular location to look for a jar and the boats will fan-out over the lake. The water will still be fairly warm for swimming and this is something that will be needed to fetch some of the jars. No motors will be allowed to be used after the start but paddles can be used to supplement propulsion to get out of a quiet cove. This is not a race but a fast boat might have a better chance to get more than one prize. This is a family event. Please bring your children to help with your hunting. On most of the previous hunts, slow boats frequently have come up with the most prizes. For this event we all hope we do not have 25-30Kt winds but 6-12Kts would be perfect. Bob still has to get a few more prizes and has already ordered the wind and water.

Additional information on this event will be available at the September meeting to be held on the 21st of September. See the announcement for this meeting in another page of this newsletter. Some years we have had a dinner following the hunt. That will be discussed at the meeting and decided on at that time. .

Bob Horan

## "Lettitor" from the Editor:

### **'Growing Pains'**

There are certain moments in our lives that engrave themselves so deeply into your psyche that you realize you will be forever changed. Some moments are good, some are bad and some leave you feeling "what da....?" About halfway through the Labor Day weekend, it began to dawn on me that a 'moment' was in progress.

Prior to the weekend, the 'Gimp' Family (Gimp, Gimpette and Gimplet) were furiously making, modifying, rearranging, folding, spindling and mutilating our last

minute plans. Due to the inclement weather in Florida and the embarrassing state of family finances, the Florida trip was a definite washout. We figured we could probably handle Lake Sinclair if we robbed what was left in the off' victimized 'piggy bank'. We carefully removed the duct tape off the old porker, shook out its meager contents and began the 'provisioning list'. It was short.

The 'Gimplet' informed us that she had invited a friend from school to join us for our nautical festivities and our close friends, the Wilson's, allowed as how they were in dire need of the therapeutic value of time spent on the water and in the wind. This introduced a slight logistics problem, to wit, there was no way the Hunter was going to sleep six people. This was easily remedied by hooking up the Thera-P, our old and somewhat decrepit MacGregor, to our even more decrepit Suburban. Ah, crisis averted.

Next in the logistical chain of events was the solution to the 'who's gonna crew which boat' question. The opening suggestions were thrown in disarray by the 'Gimplet' announcing that she and her friend, the lovely Miss Casey, were not inclined to listen to semi-inebriated adults loudly discussing diametrically opposing political views while being relegated to fetching adult beverages from the cooler and languishing in boredom on the foredeck with nothing to do but work on their tans.

"Point taken, dear. Any suggestions?" I asked apprehensively.

"Why don't you let me and Casey take the Macgregor?" she replied, followed by that innervating smug grin.

I bit off the immediate sarcastic retort that came to mind and paused for further contemplation. Now, I know that the kid has displayed exceptional competence in Daysailors and has acquitted herself admirably in the small Cats with the Special Olympics Sailing Team, but a 26 foot cruiser is just a tad bit different than a Laser. Upon further contemplation mixed with the persuasive arguments from Gimpette, which involved terms such as 'curmudgeon', 'over-protective' and a euphemism for 'void surrounded by a sphincter', I acquiesced...sort of. To Gimplet's consternation I decided that her and Casey could sail the MacGregor but I would ride along in case they got in trouble.

We arrived at Lake Sinclair with the Thera-P around midnight on Friday due to Miss Casey and Gimplet having to pull Marching Band Duty at the football game. D and Lauren met us at the ramp and helped us rig the MacGregor and we all took a short night sail on the Hunter in spite of everyone being dog-tired. There is something about night sailing that's hard to explain. You get out on the water after the frenzy of activity involved in rigging and making the boat ship-shape and settle in to the muted sounds of the wind and water. It's such a pure experience. You have to sail the boat by feel. Well, on both my boats you have to. I don't have masthead lights to see the wind vane and unless you have a full moon you can't see any of the telltales. There is

something magical about sailing the boat by the feel of the tiller in your hand and the wind on your body. As D is fond of saying, "this is the way God meant for man to cross the water!"

I also used that Friday night sail to check out Miss Casey as she had never been on a sailboat before. She was very attentive and learned quickly. Not everyone has an aptitude for sailing but Miss Casey didn't seem to suffer from that mis-fortune. She picked up on the basics quickly and only suffered some minor confusion with terminology. It helped that she is basically a really nice kid...smart, too.

Saturday morning dawned with a freshening breeze and the decision to sail (race!) both boats down to the power plant and breakfast at the Waffle House. After incurring the wrath of Capt. Gimplet by insisting on assisting (I helped her motor out of the slip and re-tensioned the main halyard) I meekly went below and grabbed a cushion and returned to the cockpit and made myself comfortable. D, Lauren and Gimpette were on the Hunter and had about a 4 or 5 minute head start on the kids. I watched closely as they trimmed the boat and began what I was sure would be a long pursuit. It took everything I had to suppress those 'father knows best' attitudes and refrain from issuing commands, I mean suggestions. It's amazing what you can learn when you keep your mouth shut.

The wind kept building as the kids maneuvered up the lake. I remember thinking "that's not what I would've done" after a particular maneuver and then as I noticed the distance between us and the Hunter decline rapidly I thought "O.K. I guess I ain't always right! Go girls!" It was an impressive feat of seamanship. They overhauled the Hunter before we passed Goat Island. Out in more open water, the wind steadied up and the girls settled in and took off. I watched 'Capt. Gimplet' competently working the mainsheet through some pretty aggressive gusts, keeping her well-heelled and moving smartly. After a particularly muscular gust that put the rail under water, she cut her eyes at me and asked with that impish grin, "did I scare ya?" I replied "Nope, your doin' fine!" Funny thing is, I wasn't scared and she was doing fine...real fine!

Watching those girls handle the boat was a real joy. I observed Casey's growing confidence in her own sail trimming abilities and the dawning comprehension of the myriad details of boat handling. The increasing indescribable joy in mastering the wind to send you flying across wind whipped waters. The germination of a true 'Sailing Jones'. Damn, this is fun!

It didn't take us long to get to the power plant. As we approached the docks at Little River 'Capt. Gimplet' decided to lower sails and motor in. The girls quickly got the sails down and secured and the motor fired up. As we made our approach I observed the congested power boat and jet ski traffic bobbing and weaving among the limited and constricted dock space with a pang of apprehension. As if reading my mind, 'Capt. Gimplet'

suggested that I take the tiller and the girls would handle the dock lines. "Ahh yes", I thought, "the girl knows her limitations". Continuing with her 'Carnak the Great' imitation, she tossed back "I could do it but this will be faster and I'm hungry...besides, I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself stumbling on the dock." Now, is that any way to talk to your poor old gray haired daddy? She did have a point, though.

After a hearty breakfast, (brunch?) and fortified by a copious amount of coffee we were ready to head out again. The game plan was to head back towards Bass's and anchor out in a cove so we could do a little swimming. We left the dock only to sail into a dead area just off the campgrounds at Little River. As we drifted and waited on an errant breeze to move back into some wind, 'Capt. Gimplet' asked Casey if she would like to take the helm. Casey flashed a grin wide enough to shake hands with her earlobes and replied "SURE!" She took the helm and navigated us out of the doldrums and into some of the best winds of the day. It was blowing 15+ kts. and Miss Casey had her hands full. Considering the fact that this was her first time on a sailboat and the winds were so strong that most of the other blowboats we saw were running reefed, she did a hell of a job! She even gained some ground on the Hunter a time or two. The Hunter had put some distance between us while we were stuck in the 'wind shadow from hell'. Eventually the gusts got strong enough that Casey decided a more experienced hand was needed at the tiller and returned the tiller to 'Capt. Gimplet'. It was blowing hard enough for me to tentatively ask if she (Gimplet) wanted me to take it. "No Dad," she replied, "I've got it." She promptly issued orders, set a new course and took off. Every time a gust would dip the rail, she would look over at me and ask if I was scared yet and I would reply "Nope, not yet!"

We overhauled the Hunter in short order and ran across Steve and Jan Dillard. They couldn't keep up with the girls either. The girls were moving out so well they even overhauled a slow moving pontoon boat and I swear the guy looked back to see if his prop was turning. He opened up the throttle and when he finally caught us he commented on "the nice sailboat...fast, too." What, this old thing?

She finally got me, though. Just before Airport Island we caught a real good extended gust. The boat heeled sharply and I made a grab to ease the main and 'Capt. Gimplet' hollered "Don't touch my sheet!" I shot a glance through the companionway just in time to see the starboard cabin light submerge. I nervously watched her ease the main just enough to bring her back and pick up speed and then trimmed into the waning gust and headed up just enough to clear the point at Airport Island. Smooth. She looked over at me and asked, "Did I scare ya?" I finally let the air out of my lungs, unclenched my muscles and replied "Yeah, ya got me. That scared me...a little." A little my ass! You couldn't have driven a pin up my butt with a jackhammer!

As we sailed past our intended swimming cove I

asked her where she was going. She replied "I figured we'd sail over toward the dam and give mom and them time to catch up." We sailed around until we saw the Hunter heading toward the cove and the girls came about set a course to follow. The wind was blowing strong right out of the cove and the girls watched as the Hunter tacked in and dropped the hook. 'Capt. Gimplet' remarked that "this might be tricky". I watched in admiration as they competently tacked into the cove and eased up next to the Hunter as they dropped the sails and rafted up. D Wilson proffered a hearty 'Well done, girls!' as we set fenders and tied off. I concurred!

It wasn't long before we were joined by several other boats, Jan, Steve and Sean Dillard, John and Sherrie Davis, Ron Katz and Bob Horan. Warren Hughes put in an appearance and it seems like a couple others came by and said "hello". All in all, we had a great time rafted up swapping sea stories. Eventually the Wilson's took the Hunter back to Bass's, they had to go home due to a prior commitment for Sunday. The Dillard's left with Ron and the Davis's to do a 'sit-down supper' at a restaurant in Milledgeville. That left the Thera-P and Bob Horan's Morgan rafted up to enjoy one of the nicest sunsets I've seen. We sat and talked quietly as the waning sunlight played technicolor games with the shadows of the cove on the water. A perfect ending to a great day.

Along about 'dark-thirty', Bob cast off and set sail for another cove and we hauled anchor for a little night sailing. We were all fairly tired from the day's exertions, especially me. It's hard work sitting back on a soft cushion exerting every ounce of self-control trying to keep my mouth shut. We made an early night of it and returned to the cove, set the anchors and went down for the count. After a while I heard a couple other boats sneaking in.

We woke up the next morning to find neighbors. We had the Dillard crew, the Davis crew and Ron anchored around us. We looked out across the lake and saw Bob Horan come screaming down the lake. We got a real good look at the nice bottom job Carl Saylor did on Bob's Morgan. The wind was really kicking and the girls were chompin' at the bit to go play. Killian and Casey informed me they wanted to take it out by themselves. The girls attempted to quietly haul the bow anchor while I got the stern. I got the stern anchor stowed when I heard muttering from the bow. It seemed the girls were having a little difficulty retrieving the anchor. I went forward to lend some assistance and it took all three of us to drag in the line. We were hauling mightily when something large broke the surface about twelve feet from the boat. It caused such a commotion that I heard Jan Dillard yell at Steve that something was attacking our boat. We all gave another heave and discovered that the anchor rode was wrapped around a huge oak tree. That sucker was a good two feet in diameter and appeared to be almost as long as the boat. It took a good 20 minutes of yanking, finessing and playing to get the line disengaged but we saved the anchor. The girls got the sails set and did a

great job maneuvering out through our slumbering neighbors.

The wind was a good 20 kts. as the girls headed down the lake on a screaming reach. The kids were really working now. 'Capt. Gimplet' gave the command to head up and we ran close hauled toward the dam. The wind picked up some and the whitecaps were coming over the rail. I could tell that 'Capt. Gimplet' was having a hard time holding the boat. She hung in there for a while tacking up the lake and working the mainsheet for all she was worth. Casey hung in there with her, working the jib like an old hand. On one particular tack, as the main luffed through it whipped so hard it shot a batten out of the pocket. The wind picked up some more. Killian looked over and said "Dad, I think this is a bit much for me." I replied "Yes, dear, it's a bit much for me too." We put her into the wind and dropped the sails. It was time to go home. We motored back to Bass's and met the Dillard's at the dock. We helped each other get the boats on the trailers, which was no mean feat in 25 to 30 kt. crosswinds. The girls jumped right in and helped with the takedown and we had the Thera-P road ready in short order. What a weekend.

To get back to the original inspiration for this article, about midway through the weekend I had an epiphany of sorts. I began to look at my daughter in a little different way. The changes were so gradual I almost missed them. I watched as this kid took a novice crew and an unfamiliar boat and sailed it competently and with confidence. Rationally testing the limits of herself, her crew and her boat. She took command with a quiet authority grounded in the confidence in her own abilities and elicited the premium performance from her crew and her boat. My little baby girl had suddenly changed from a precocious little girl into a competently responsible young adult. I'm not sure how it happened but I'll damn sure remember when I first realized it. Labor Day weekend, 2004.

Gimp

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### Labor Day Weekend From the Log of Linda Jean

This was a weekend of SAILING. If you are reading this article, thinking you are going to be reading about things going wrong, breaking equipment, getting lost or any other bad things that sometimes happens when we go cruising, you will be disappointed. I launched Friday night, sailing up Island Creek to one of my favorite anchorages. Recently referred to as Seduction Cove. I wanted to be there because it is very sheltered and would keep me safe if the wind picked up overnight. There were no clouds and the night sky was a sight. Stars everywhere. Rising early (7AM) I motored up Island Creek to the Dock of Greg Phillips. If you know where he lives, you would know why I motored when the wind was blowing about 10-15Kts out of the Northeast.

Turning around to go down wind, I started back wing and wing, under the power lines keeping to east shore close so I would not go under the wires in the middle. I last time I was up there and I got a chirp out of my radio (It was off) from each of the wires. I think I was a little close to the middle of the channel. The trip down wind was quite fast as long as I could keep the Jib filled. Coming in to the OSYC buoy, I made a quick jibe and sailed away on a course up the river. With the wind blowing about 12-15, I wasted no time passing the Airport Island and rounding Erin Point. With the wind from the Northeast, I could stay on a starboard tack up the lake. Coming up on Sinclair Marina after pinching past Hauck's reef and the small island next to it, and getting lulled a little at what I call lighthouse point, I came up on Jimmy & Charlotte sailing down wind. When I said I was sailing up to the 441 bridge, they turned and followed me. (I think he wanted to make sure I really did sail all the way to the bridge) We turned around about the same time and started sailing back. Now it is a race!! I got a little head start but for quite a while he stayed with me. The wind at Hauck's reef was howling and we had to make 3-4 tacks to make it thru the slot. After that I got on a port tack and cruised down the lake till I came up on Airport Island and then had to pinch to keep in deep water. I rounded the OSYC buoy and Jimmy was only about 300-400 yards behind me. By the way, he was sailing with reefed main and full jib. I was sailing the whole time with full main and jib.

After rounding the mark at OSYC, I decided my next destination was going to be Crooked Creek Restaurant and Marina, it was only 12:30 and it would make a nice destination for supper. The trip up the lake was quite fast because the wind was probably blowing 15 by now and I was busy trying to squeeze by without tacking. I rounded Lighthouse Point by 13:30 and started tacking up river under the tall power lines. No sweat on these lines because they are really high. I still do not touch any metal when I go under them. The wind shifted a little and I was able to make some pretty long tacks up the lake. I cruised past goat island noting all the motor boat parked on shore and thinking back when I had pulled up on shore and I was the only one there. Must not have been on Labor Day. The lake up this way was getting pretty busy. There were pontoon boats and jet skis everywhere. I finally had the Restaurant and Marina in site and a short distance away was a sailboat. I thought it might be Mike Dortch and his crew. As I got nearer I noticed the boat was not moving at all and with this wind I knew it would not be Michael. I sailed another mile, passed the Restaurant at about 3 PM and then recognized the boat as a Spirit 23.5. I sailed around it and noted the skipper and crew looked like they had not a clue as how to sail because their sails were always flapping. Spreading out wing and wing, I sailed down wind leaving them to crank up their motor while I had enough wind to be cruising along downwind at maybe 5kts. Keeping the jib filled seemed to be a lot of trouble

so I rigged a whisker pole, noting that it was nice to be sailing a boat that did not wander off course much while you went up to the foredeck to make a small adjustment. I rounded Lighthouse point and again faced a blustery headwind and had to tack a couple of times to get past Hauck's Reef. This time though the wind seemed to have picked up to more than 20 and I was still sailing with full main and working jib. I had a fight on my hands and this is where I notice for the first time that I sometimes had water over the rail. I made it past Hauck's Reef, (Barely) and then got into the open water ahead. Now I was really cooking. Passing Erin Point, I raced past Airport Island. The LJSC raft up was in progress now in a quiet cove but the watched as I passed by showing my bottom. By 17:30, I rounded the buoy at OSYC. The trip took only 5 hours. Now it was time to rest. Sailing up to the raft up, I tied up to Michael Dortch's Macgregor. We shared stories and the days events until about 20:00 when I decided it was time to find a quiet anchorage. Once again, I raised my sails, turned on my running lights and sailed to Seduction Cove. I dropped an anchor off the bow and one off the stern. I sat for a while enjoying the night sky.

The next day I decided I would make an attempt at the Sinclair Challenge. Rounding the OSYC buoy at 8.05, I started out. Now the wind was blowing pretty hard and I started well heeled. I stayed that way till I started passing Airport Island and then I started pinching to get past the island. Rounding Erin Point the wind picked up a notch and I flew up the lake. Once again Hauck's Reef was a challenge but I was able to pinch around it and then it was a fast down wind to the buoy at Sinclair Marina. Coming up on the marina at full speed, the two guys on the dock though I must be crazy. I made a quick turn around the buoy at about 08:48 and started back to OSYC. Tacking two times before Hauck's Reef with water over the rail sometimes, I once again got into open water. This time it was different because the wind was blowing 15-20. I made good time until I sailed into a lull at Erin Point. Finally I got a good puff and raced off to Airport Island. I sailed into OSYC passing the buoy at 09:57:40.

Rounding the mark, I decided to try for another attempt. The second attempt was very similar to the first but I had many more times of having the rail in the water and the wind had picked up by 2 or 3Kts. It was over 20 most of the time. I had way too much wind and the second attempt was almost exactly a minute slower. I did sail near John and Sherry on the second trip and noticed they were sailing with a reefed main and reefed jib. They seemed to be sailing well and without the stress I was having. I must work on getting reefing points on my sails.

So there it is. My Labor Day Sailing.

Bob Horan  
"Linda Jean"

## 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](mailto: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. Trailer repairs, 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**

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**

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

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.sailorspecialties.com/tanzer/> Boat is in Mid. GA, can deliver just about anywhere. \$6000.

**Carl Saylor: 478-320-7130; [carl@sailorspecialties.com](mailto:carl@sailorspecialties.com)**

Phantom is copy of Sunfish by different manuf. \$200

**Call Phil Martin; 478-751-7363**

Trailer Tire; New 185x80x13 heavy duty tire & Wheel; \$65

**Ron Katz; 478-742-3556 - [autowizard@aol.com](mailto:autowizard@aol.com)**

'86  $\frac{3}{4}$  Ton Suburban; Ducks Unlimited edition, 4WD, Tow Pkg., New Tires, all buzzers & whistles, \$4000  
**Call; K.W. Wood 478-836-3506**

**1988 Precision 18;**Very good condition. Boat is model w bow & stern rails, lifelines, safety equip., extras. '01 5 hp Mercury (less than 4 hrs.), both internal & external fuel tanks. Incl. trailer. \$3900 **Contact; Fred Veator 478-922-5277 or Helen Barber 904-808-0585**