

*The*  
**RUDDER**



vehicle quit on the ramp but they did have quite a story to tell of adventures trying to sail in weather that was not really the best to be out in. It was mentioned that Chris & Joe had joined the "I want to quit" Club. Their story would also be best told in a separate article.

From there we all broke up into small groups to discuss our own projects and adventures. It turned out that the move to the food court provided us a somewhat quiet and excellent place to have a meeting and many expressed the thought that the Margaritas Mexican Grill be a place to consider for future meetings. – Bob Horan

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#### Schedule of Events for 2004 are as follows:

Sept. 4-6 .....Labor Day Cruise, St. Augustine, FL  
Oct. 30-31 .....Halloween Regatta, OSYC

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#### "Lettitor" from the Editor:

As ya'll have probably surmised by now, the July Rudder is MIA. For this despicable act, I proffer profuse apologies and beg for forgiveness. I was prepared to offer myself up as a sacrifice to the 'God of Winds' until I read the fine print in the 'Official Superstitious Sailor's Handbook'. It seems that my gender disqualifies me, not to mention that little clause relating to purity. Alas, all those offended by my incompetence will just have to settle for a 'grog and flog' at the next meeting. Mea Culpa.  
Gimp

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### Halcyon Chronicles II Chris Hoskins

**Thursday evening:** Finally, after making major preparations such as buying a bimini, vhf radio and an assortment of other necessities, we were on our way to Panama City. We were beat- having worked much overtime to make this trip happen. We even had our truck checked out by the mechanic, who happily couldn't find anything wrong and didn't charge us for it! This eased our load on the expenses we had to cover. Remember, you get what you pay for.

Not even 30 minutes into the trip the truck was missing badly, losing power on hills, and backfiring all the way down 75. Joe nursed it along as we spoke about turning back. He continued to nurse it, it continued to run, and we decided we were going to PC – hook or crook-backfiring and missing all the way and getting about 5 miles to the gallon in the old 87 Ford (never do that again!)

After a "detour" we got there after dark but it was lighted well enough we could put in at night. It looked like a pretty good place too. We ate a late dinner, stepped the mast, put her in and grabbed a "transient"

dock slip. Joe went below and I slept topside-too tired to care about the blazing halogen deck lights of the fishing vessel close by or its noisy generator. We had arrived and that's all I cared about.

**Friday:** The next morning, I was greeted by the Marina 'welcome wagon' - he gave me all the news and lowdown about local stores and restaurants. I was also lent the bathroom key, for which I was grateful because the office hadn't opened yet. I later learned that this "welcome wagon" has a habit of attaching himself lamprey like to those who would buy him breakfast. His strategy was simple, give the local news, tell about the great breakfast deal down the road and get the grateful (and enthusiastic) newcomers to buy for you. I took in the news, enthusiastically thanked him, and made no move to do anything else. Joe woke up and was also told the news about the "great breakfast" down the road. Still groggy, Joe just nodded his head and stood there after saying good morning. The man's "ploy" might have worked had we been paying attention, but you can't "con" someone who isn't paying attention. We were too new at this boating thing and his hint went unnoticed. Puzzled, he eventually wondered away.

It was our first day on vacation and, in spite of the many thunderstorms that intermittently raked the area; we decided to go out anyway. I was driving and VERY nervous. I had never been out in a thunderstorm on a boat. I looked up the tall aluminum mast and the tune to Gilligan's Island started playing in my head. The thunder cracked and rain was approaching across the water in a sheer, white curtain. Other boats were coming in-we were the ONLY ones going out. I talked tersely to Joe about going back. He looked at me and said in a sarcastic *I dare you voice* "Chris-it's going to be like this ALL weekend." His folded arms told me what he didn't say- *Are you going to stay at the marina ALL weekend?* I stuck my chin out and pressed on, continuing to watch the approaching storm. Soon enough, it pounced-the thunder, lightning and rain were all over us.

We got soaking wet but we managed to get into the channel and THAT was interesting. For a new person with a sailboat it's comparable to crossing a 6 lane highway on foot (in the rain). Add to this a 43 foot mast, active thunder and lightning and you have multiple opportunities for a Born Again conversion. It was great though-we didn't get struck! It felt exhilarating! I felt immortal! We took shelter in the cove on the backside of Shell Island and anchored in and I went swimming. Fortunately I don't tempt fate too much. I was in 4 feet of clear green/blue water when 3 close strikes laced their way across the sky. I clambered and shimmied up the bow and stuffed myself headfirst into the forward hatch "faster'n ewe cud say jimminicricket!" just as all hell **really** broke loose.

We stayed there for most of the day just enjoying the place. I fished and explored and watched the tour boat the Sea Dragon go by. Later, we had to push the boat

off the beach b/c we had forgotten about the tides. We huffed and puffed and thought we'd never get her off! With Joe driving, we headed back to the St. Andrews Marina to find out who had arrived and find out what the itinerary would be. Not finding much, we decided to head back out to find a place on Shell Island to anchor for the night since Joe did NOT want to listen to that fishing boat generator anymore. On the way we noticed that the GPS wasn't functioning so all we had working was the depth finder. At least we had charts!

I decided to go back out the way we had come in. Joe was below standing in the companionway and I was "cruising" merrily along. Disaster struck! In a half a second the depth went from 6 feet to 4 feet. Suddenly, the boat came to dead stop, Joe lurched violently, and there was a sickening muffled **CRACK!** I had forgotten that the tide had dropped considerably since our last pass over this shoal and that *the dagger board was still down*. I felt the bile rise in my throat.

We backed her off that shoal, carefully, painfully, and limped to Shell Island to find water clear enough for a bottom inspection. The seriousness of the situation had put a stop to all the bickering that usually happens between us when we get on the boat (re: Halcyon Chronicles I). At Shell Island Joe went below and checked it out and when he said there was nothing left but about 6" of the dagger board I got physically sick. All I could think of was "Honey, I broke the boat". I would have preferred to shrink the kids. We spent a quiet night there and did a lot of thinking.

**Lesson learned:** Check the dagger board position BEFORE you up the throttle on the boat and remember that **Low Tides Happen**. *Moreover, there is a schedule for them!*

**Saturday:** We warily motored back to the marina where we docked and tied up (not so gracefully) and discussed the possibilities home depot might have to offer. John from "Time Warp" went into the nasty water to help us pull the splinters straight so we could retract the slivers of dagger board we had left. While talking to him, Sherry, and others, we realized it wasn't a mortal injury to the boat, just a major one. Since it wasn't a crippling problem we still had the possibilities of "enjoying" out hard earned "vacation". Not wanting to be left out of the crowd and the fun, we decided to follow Time Warp out to Broken Island.

While Time Warp sailed, we motored. We were still a bit skittish concerning the shoals (though we had no dagger board to be concerned about!) and kept ourselves in 8 + feet of water. We were also a bit worried about attempting to sail in all of the busy traffic we saw. It sure was choppy on the way out! I had remembered that Renee (Valkyrie) told me this was where she always got sick. Fortunately only 8 foot stormy seas bother me. Getting out into the gulf was really neat! It was really cool to glide past all those white sand beaches while seeing the ripples in the sand 20 feet below the keel! I saw a school of long narrow 3 or 4'

dinnerfish (not exaggerating!) and decided to put my rod out. We were motoring along slowly making way in the chop and wind when I got a bite and actually hooked a dinnerfish! FINALLY! I could actually have a *positive* notable thing happen on vacation! OH HAPPY DAY!!! That's when Joe decided to put up the sails and he backed the running propeller over the fishing line I was working. In order to "save" the prop and my rather costly fishing pole, I cut the line (and the dinnerfish I never got to see) loose with my teeth-speed being of the essence.

As I was helping Joe raise the mainsail he realized that our troubles were due to a broken shackle because a nut had worked itself loose and went AWOL. The sail wouldn't go up without one. Meanwhile, the wind and water were pushing us closer to the beach and shallow spots. Joe tried to fix the problem while I cranked the motor and kept Halcyon from getting broadsides to the wind. Though the boat bobbed heavily in the rough (rough to us) seas, I managed to keep Joe from getting "bonked" in the head by mast or tipped overboard (tempting thoughts). It was hard work! All this time we kept getting repeated calls on the radio by our friends on their way to Broken Island. "Halcyon, are you there?" "Halcyon is that you?" "Halcyon, what's going on?" Joe and I needed 8 hands to do what we were doing, and couldn't spare even one second to go below to work the radio. If either of us did take the time (and hands) we risked getting washed up on the beach, getting blown over, or whatever befalls innocent boaters on vacation (and we had already gotten a taste of that!). Seriously, I could see how some events happen in boating where emergency signals never get sent!

We finally got the sails down and conceded defeat and decided to head back in. We were tired, beat up, and our happiness about being on vacation was a bit threadbare. We called Time Warp and let them know our intent. The words I used were "it's been real, and it's been fun, but not real fun." They offered their help but we had had enough of the big water and I was in the midst of the earnest pangs of a migraine headache. Still squabbling, we headed back the way we had come. A storm brewed on the bay side and I watched those beautiful beaches slide by and yearned to cool myself on one. Joe would hear none of it claiming we weren't "protected" if a storm came up. Finally, after I explained that *watching* the beaches and not getting to enjoy them was my idea of a private hell, he just gave in and we hectically anchored the pitching boat. Unfortunately we hadn't anchored her shallow enough.

I loaded up our dirty dishes from the night before and put them overboard in a mesh sack while I dropped over the side to swim.

I had hoped this respite would make me feel better. My head ached horribly, my shoulders were in pain, and I felt worse than I had felt since we started this trip. I am a strong and excellent swimmer and I was raised on the water but I found myself winded when swimming between the boat and beach.

Before he went below to take a nap, Joe pointed out that our new 17" non stick frying pan, steel mixing bowls, plastic plates and Tupperware had floated out of the bag and the heavier items (all I could make out was the frying pan) were lying on the bottom 10 feet below. I thought about retrieving them. My skills were such that I had never had a problem diving in water even deeper than that. Something held me back though. Joe was below falling asleep, the water was rough and I had to tread hard to just stay in place. I KNEW I could do it, I had done it before, but something nagged at me. Finally I just gave up, and feeling worse than ever I just clambered up the swim ladder. It was no easy task. Once aboard, I felt worse, and tersely told Joe we needed to get back to the marina. It became an 'issue', but we got back underway and that's when it struck – I was **SO** sick. I hung off the transom and dry heaved all the way through the channel and back to the marina. I also HAD to drink water on the way to rehydrate. So I drank a **little**, heaved a bit, waited, drank a little, heaved a bit, waited-all in good order. What a vacation!

**Lesson learned:** It does a body NO good NOT to drink lots of water regularly while on the boat, in tropical sun, doing all kinds of physical things that boat "vacationing" requires. Bimini's do NOT keep a person from dehydration.

Once back at the Marina, after I had found some relief in a cool shower and rehydrated myself, Joe and I decided that having so much fun could be fatal to us (and our relationship) and it would be prudent, if not brilliant, to go home a day early. In light of that decision we decided to "runaway from the boat" together and have a real meal at a decent restaurant. In spite of having a cook stove, a rolling boat quashes any incentive one may have to cook. We "sped" up the boulevard. I say "sped" because after being in the boat, doing 45 in the truck seemed like a whirlwind pace. We finally settled on a "waterside" restaurant called Captain Michaels and boy was it ever packed! I have never seen a place with so much parking and ALL that parking was full! The place itself was the biggest restaurant I had ever seen with multiple huge rooms for patrons to enjoy their meals. We knew there would be a wait. There were literally *throng*s of people out front waiting by the large fountains. They were dressed in their Fourth of July best. The ladies sported outfits like fish printed, white, clam diggers, cute summer blouses and high heels. Their gold nautical theme jewelry jingled as they clinked celebratory glasses with their nail painted hands. The guys walked around in their usual pressed Dockers, lustered Sperry's and polo or print shirts. We waded (and I limped) through the people to the desk to get our names on the waiting list.

"How long's the wait?" I asked.

The Maitre D looked from me to Joe, and back. Joe's hair was in clumps and stuck out in odd places. His clothes (Jeans and a knit shirt) were so wrinkled they looked like he had slept in them 3 days and they hung

damply on his sunburnt frame. My salt tangled hair was tied in a pony tail but it sported every aspect of a beach pony's rough, windswept mane. I had a dollar bill size bruise darkening the underside of my upper arm (from falling off the bow) and deck shoes so wet they "squished" when I walked (I mean limped). Both of us were totally beat-as "faded as our jeans" some would say. We actually **looked** like our "vacation"! *?Would YOU let us in?*

"The waits an hour and a half." the Maitre D said.

Too tired to go anywhere else, we got a ticket (#42) and wandered into dark, air conditioned rooms to sit down. AHHHHHH! Twenty minutes later we were ordering iced tea at a table for two that looked out onto the dock and the yachts. Mother Fate can be so kind sometimes, I nearly cried!

**Sunday:** Square meals and healing sleep have ways of rejuvenating people. Fools too. Joe said to me upon waking and after caffeine rituals,

"You know, I hesitate to even say this....and don't think I'm even suggesting something...because I'm not....but maybe we should stay and try sailing *just in the bay.*"

"I can fix this shackle right here at the dock." He added

I thought a minute. We *are* two of a kind, and perhaps neither of us is playing with a full deck.

'Uh, I dunno, we've had it pretty rough." I answered, not wanting to sound too eager. "But maybe we could. It would be nice to actually try to sail and see if we could actually do it for a sustained amount of time". *Without breaking anything*, I silently added- with a plea to the "gods that be". "Do you think we should?" I asked.

Say no more. God protects children and fools.....

The fireworks that night were absolutely beautiful. Anchored out where we could walk over the barrier island to the ocean and pick up sand dollars in the surf, I watched the glimmering brilliant stars blanket a velvet sky. I remembered the few 4ths I had spent on the 32' Ketch my grandfather built called the Wind Charmer. My grandmother would pack ham sandwiches and she always wore a floppy, straw hat with a blue, plaid, rayon scarf tied around the crown for anchoring it on her head in the wind. Never when I was that child would I have dared to dream that someday I would be watching the fireworks from my own sailboat (in Florida no less!). I looked up at the shimmering sky just before the moon rose and said 'Hi grandma!"

## A Virtual International Incident

By Warren Hughes

In a previous life I was not fortunate enough to own a real sailboat. Pursuing a military career has its good points, all of which seem to escape me at the moment, and plenty of challenges and sacrifices to keep your humility in check. Being stationed overseas, in Germany to be specific, makes owning and maintaining a boat

rather difficult. I had to content myself with a virtual sort of boat ownership, i.e. a scaled down, radio controlled version. I virtually enjoyed this hobby; building, painting, and rigging the models, as well as sitting by the side of the lake virtually sailing, gave me hours of virtual enjoyment. All the enjoyment of a real boat, especially the part about a boat being a hole in the water into which one throws money.

I had worked out the logistics of transporting my scaled down 45' racing sloop, which in reality was slightly less than a meter in overall length. The boat with its lead-ballasted keel fit nicely into a laundry basket along with the transmitter and a handful of necessary tools and other items. The basket along with a pair of pig farmer boots I wore when launching and retrieving the boat fit on top of a folding lawn chair. All of this fit snugly in the back of my Honda hatchback. Raising the mast, bending on the sails, and making the boat ready to launch, which is no small feat on a real boat, took about five minutes without the aid of mechanical devices. The boat measured 66 inches from the top of the mast to the bottom of the keel. There were two servos on board; one for the rudder and one for trimming the sails. All in all, a virtually simple setup.

One summer day in 1998 I was set up on the banks of my favorite nearby lake, about 15 minutes from the village of Ramstein. It was a small lake in reality, probably not more than a half mile in length, but in the scaled down, virtual world of R/C sailing it was as big as the Chesapeake. Germans are fastidious about their nature and recreation parks. The parks are generally well laid out and maintained; not a pebble was out of place on the walking trails around the lake. At the far end of the lake was a schnell imbiss (snack stand) that also rented paddle boats. There were small groups of people walking around the lake; it was virtually a peaceful setting.

There was a nice breeze out of the southwest. The boat was sailing well; tacking and gibing with the mere flip of the rudder control, the sails and rigging were adjusted so that the boat seemed fairly well balanced and seemed to be pointing fairly high into the wind. It was virtually exhilarating, almost. I continued with my life's mission of harassing the half-snake, half-bird beings that are disguised as swans. Evil, foul things (pun intended). I would courageously attempt to sail my boat into the midst of the malicious hoard until they bat their great wings about and take to the air to avoid my relentless assault. I was so taken up with chasing the swans that I didn't notice the din coming down the lake. As the noise grew louder and louder I could hear strange sounding voices, singing, and mad laughter. The source of the disturbance was soon revealed; two guys and a girl, obviously not German and not obnoxious enough to be Americans. Wherever they were from, they were obviously well on their way to becoming very drunk.

A sudden summer shower put a halt to the intruders' cacophony. They paddled to the shore on the far side of

the lake and disappeared into the woods to do whatever it is that two drunk guys and a girl do in the woods in the pouring rain. The rain came down hard for a while, but soon ended. I continued sailing my boat; tacking and gibing in virtual bliss. The raucous party soon emerged from the woods; soaking wet and obviously feeling even less pain. They managed to climb back aboard their paddle boat and without too much of a performance managed to get away from the shore. I was intent on catching up with the nasty bird-snake beasts and had put the paddle boat out of mind. Perhaps the trio on the paddle boat had the same mission in life, or for the moment, as I did. They too were going after the swans. They were paddling furiously away trying to catch up to them. In a moment it became clear that it was not the swans they were after, it was my boat. The blackguards.

Out of 22 years in the Army, I managed to spend 16 years in Germany. After 16 years my ability to speak the language was virtually nonexistent; I could understand a fair amount but I couldn't speak it to save my life. I began yelling at the paddle boat pirates, "Mein Boot!. Das ist mein segelboot!", to no effect. They just kept on laughing and paddling like demons. I left everything in place, ran to my car and raced around to the other end of the lake. I was furious. How could they just scoop up my sailboat with such wanton disregard?

When I got to the imbiss there was one paddle boat remaining. I paid the fare and jumped in the boat. God, I hate paddle boats. I paddled with all the intensity of a nuclear meltdown. The muscles in my legs were on fire, but I had to catch those despicable ne'er-do-wells. Finally, there they were. But there was no sailboat. Oh, these guys were definitely unscrupulous. I raced towards them, using my best German expletives, but all they did was laugh louder and louder. "Wo ist mein \*%\$#\$&# segelboot?!?"

Wasted words. They weren't even German. They were Russian. Probably from the Russian mafia that's supposed to be running drugs and prostitutes all across Europe. When they figured out, through their drunken haze, that I wasn't German either they wanted me to drink with them. I was still hot. I just wanted to know what the hell they'd done with my boat. One guy, obviously the leader, spoke a little English. He was a rather large fellow with a bald head and a big gold tooth that went very nicely with all the gold around his neck and on his fingers. He told me he hated the stinking Germans and insisted I have a drink with them. I told him I just wanted to know where my FREEKING sailboat was. When he finally realized I had no intention of drinking with him, he told me they didn't know the boat belonged to anyone, they just wanted to look at it. My ass. In any case they had taken it back to the bank where I'd left my chair and other effects.

So there we sat in the middle of the lake, virtually communicating in broken English, German, Russian and Pig Latin; sharing pleasantries with God knows what kind of felons. Having done my part for international

relations, I paddled back to the dock, got in the car and drove back to my spot on the lower end of the lake. There the boat was, virtually all in one piece. There was a small dent on the portside, amidships, but nothing I couldn't fix. The damn swans were gathering around like a pack of buzzards, obviously ready to pounce on my unprotected boat. I sneered at them as I unrigged the boat and packed up all my gear. I'll be back.

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### Oconee Springs Park Cruise 7-8 Aug 04

From the log of **Linda Jean**  
Bob Horan

Although somewhat uneventful, my preparations for the Oconee Springs Park Cruise was busy. After a quick breakfast, I replaced the lower half of the shroud turnbuckles, connected the Icebox drain hose and valve, checked my centerboard travel, cleaned the deck and cabin top, connected the boom and hanked on the jib. After picking up two of the Sea Scouts and motoring away from Bass Boathouse, I had a small disaster in captainsmanship (new word). I directed the raising of the jib and main with us narrowly missing docks, shallows and even the island. David and Blain were patient thru this and we finally got all the sails pulling, the motor tipped up and the centerboard down.

The sail to our first stop seemed very short with Ron picking a spot off the wilderness camping area to anchor. The Sea Scouts had prepared a nice lunch with sandwich, chips, cookies and fruit. Pretty nice. After a brief swim, it was time to sail out. The wind was light until we rounded the bend near the power lines. With probably a 8-10 kt wind on the nose, we headed up the lake. It was quickly apparent that **Linda Jean** was going to sail a little faster than everyone as we pulled ahead some. With my young crew, tacking became easier as they learned the boat. Then the radio popped up to say Tom & Renee had broke their steering. I decided to press on as **Time Warp** and **Sea Witch** rendered assistance. Under a jury rigged rudder steering system Tom & Renee turned back. We sailed **Linda Jean** past Crooked Creek Restaurant and Marine and after two more bends in the river we came to a point where we were tacking back and forth but coming up on each side of the lake at the same point about 3 times. It was time to crank up the motor (About 6:00 PM) We motored sailed the rest of the way trying to use little gas since I really did not plan to motor much. About an hour later we had motored the remaining 3 miles to arrive at the Park. Within five minutes the VHF radio announced that both **Sea Witch** and **Time Warp** was out of gas and still a mile back. Great!!! With discrete use of the throttle and use of sails both arrived at the Park in about 20min. The out of gas was just a false alarm. Very low on gas was right.

Ron and the Sea Scouts set up camp, started the grill and after some setbacks 'like the charcoal would not

burn', they made a delicious chicken dinner. Overnight at the Park was quiet and cool. The morning brought some sleepy Sea Scouts. (They stayed up talking and stuff till near 2PM.) Once again with the help of Ron and Linda Katz, the Sea Scouts came up with a great all you could eat breakfast. I am starting to like this. With a new crew for the return trip we sailed out about 10:30 AM. The wind was a little light at first but after the first bend it picked up and we sailed together down the lake for a couple of miles. Phil and Wesley learned the hazards when sailing down wind with no whisker pole and trying to sail wing & wing. We anchored near goat Island and had lunch and a swim. Sailing the rest of the way back was a mixture of good and light winds. Trying to keep in the shade of the sails we sailed and motored to return to Bass Boathouse about 6:20 PM. Ron and Linda arrived first, with us 10 minutes behind. John Davis and his crew arrived 30 minutes later.

The trip was quite long because of the shifting winds and the summer sun. The evening at the park was nice, with few bugs and a nice temp. The Sea Scouts learned a lot about the different boats and how they each handled. This was a hands-on learning experience and I am sure they will long remember the weekend.

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### Panama City Adventure

By John Davis

It was a good trip for some, a great one for others and "THE TRIP FROM HELL" for us. We arrived at the ramp after a great drive down to Panama City, and then things went downhill. The second the boat was launched, our van motor died not to start again until Tuesday afternoon. Everytime we wanted something that was supposed to be on the boat, it was in the van, in the shop, on the rack, in town. Not an auspicious beginning, but the trip was just getting started, it was bound to improve.

Friday we set sail for the Gulf. The wind was blowing, the sky was blue, the water was green, and the sailing was great...until we cranked up the motor to make a run for home. While coming through the cut against the tide, the motor quit due to fuel line problems, so until we figured out a system we sailed in reverse. Sherry sat on the bow with the anchor in her lap to drop whenever the motor stopped; I pumped fuel into the motor to keep it running for a few minutes at a time. Finally we made it back to the marina.

Warren Hughes loaned us his truck so we could get repair parts for the boat motor and a few necessities from the van. While working on the motor, somehow the cabin doors got knocked overboard. We recovered one within a few minutes; the other was nowhere to be found. Our scuba tanks were in the van so we decided we'd spend more time looking for it when we got back from Crooked Island on Sunday. Bob Ross and Warren headed out; we followed later with Chris and Joe

bringing up the rear. Jeff and Linda elected to sail in the bay, since they had an air-conditioned motel room to retreat to each night. Three boats anchored behind the island to spend the night. Chris and Joe had turned back on the way there. We swam and generally fooled around, Nick fished for supper for the Hughes family and they had a very nice noodle supper later. We had a beautiful sunset, fireworks on the beach and bioluminescence in the water. It was a great night.

The next morning everyone broke camp and headed out. Bob started about 45 minutes before us and was well on his way when we left. The water was really kicking up and something in the clouds just didn't look right, so we retreated back behind the island. Warren and his family were on their way out and also decided to take cover. Within minutes a waterspout formed and looked like it was following us whichever direction we moved. It went over a little spit of land, died down, then reformed on the other side while the tornado sirens wailed in the background. It finally went the other way and disappeared

Monday morning, almost everyone trailered up and headed out. Sherry and I were trapped for another day and a half, but the repair shop gave us a loaner car, so we were mobile. We got our tanks from the van, and after about an hour under water, we found the other cabin door. Tuesday afternoon the van was repaired and we left for Georgia. About ten miles from home, we had a flat tire on the trailer. Home really looked good to us when we finally got there at midnight.



### 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**

Tanzer 22; Beautifully designed, Great shape '74 swing keel design. Custom dual axle trailer, Full sail inventory (160, 150, 110 headsails, Main w cover), 8 hp Johnson, new 2" extendable pole, new cockpit cushions w full v-berth, plus many, many extras. Ready to go anywhere. \$4500

**Contact Mike Sherlock; Hm: 352-489-4617 – Cell; 352-895-1636 – Wk; 800-476-6624 – E-mail; [Bilge476@aol.com](mailto:Bilge476@aol.com)**

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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](mailto:carl@saylorspecialties.com)**

Sunfish & Phantom; Sunfish is in excellent cond. \$500.

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'86 ¾ Ton Suburban; Ducks Unlimited edition, 4WD,  
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**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**