

RUDDER

Schedule of Events for 2004 are as follows:

April 24-25 Sinclair 21, OSYC
 May 1-2 Mug Race, Jacksonville, FL
 May 22-23 Sinclair Open, OSYC
 June 11-14 Beer Cruise
 June 19-20 Teresa's Regatta
 July 3-4 Independence Day Regatta, OSYC
 Sept. 4-6 Labor Day Cruise, TBA

Daysailers:

1st Place Ashley Saylor
 2nd Place Jimmy Mosely
 3rd Place Paul Keller

MacGregor Class:

1st Place Michael Dortch
 2nd Place Paul M.
 3rd Place Tom Wellman

Commodore's Notes

Well it was a SUCCESS ! OUR THANKS to all those that worked to make the Cherry Blossom Regatta a great event! From day one, I have been truly impressed that the club has so many friendly and talented folks willing to pitch in and help where ever, doing what ever, is needed! I believe Jimmy said there were 29 boats out there Saturday. That's a pretty good turn out.

When I arrived Friday nite, (thanks to John Davis' truck), it looked like all 29 were there rigging and launching. I don't recall seeing so much activity ever before. And I thought I was going to beat the crowd! I was beginning to worry we might crowd out the fisherman and have a problem, but everyone seemed to get along pretty well. One question I wish those guys would stop asking me though, "Do you have to take that mast down every time you trailer?" Daa!

Well you didn't see me in the winner's circle, but I, with my wife's coaching, did finish both races and we were not last. I must admit it is still a mystery to me what propels some boats and not others. The second race we got a really good start. On the first leg there was one ahead a few lengths and Michael was behind me a few. Wow, we were doing it! Then for no reason I could see, Michael's boat just came speeding by and left us like we were anchored. I have noticed this phenomenon many times before. I think it has something to do with knowing just how to sail.(?) I will keep trying.

See you all at the next meeting, or maybe the lake. Bring a friend.
 Warren A.

2004 Cherry Blossom Regatta Results

Cruisers:

1st Place Ken Griffin
 2nd Place Ron Katz
 3rd Place Steve Dillard

Cats:

1st Place Stephen Hughes (Hobie 18)
 2nd Place Toby Sexton (Nacra)
 3rd Place Mike Maury (Hobie 18)

The Halcyon Chronicles

By Chris Hoskins

Well, it was quite a weekend at the Cherry Blossom Regatta. For us "newbie's" on the Halcyon it was more work than we expected..and more cussing...and more work....and more arguing.....and it was getting worse! Even with all the support and help we were getting from those wonderful people at LJSC I was seriously considering selling that shiny new boat I had just bought. Instead of giving Joe and me something fun to do it had become the only thing we consistently argued over. Our weekends had become memorable in ways we had never dreamed. Our friend Paul had warned us when we launched the first time "now remember, you'll both be mad at each other for the next year." We laughed and shook our heads in disbelief- "he must be kidding" we thought in unison.

He wasn't. Tom and Renee (Valkyrie) lent us their help in sailing lessons and therapy, but it just wasn't enough to withstand the event of going in endless 360's (without having committed a penalty!) **before** crossing the start line in the race on Lake Juliette. We never did cross the start line, but gave up instead and went around the boat "with that annoying horn". An hour later and ¼ way through the course and again doing multiple 360's (*still without having committed any nautical crimes*) we had decided to sell the boat and get a divorce (even though we weren't married). At that time the wind died, we were 'in irons' (or whatever), so since we had done all those 360's I figured we had some "in the bank" and I thought I shouldn't let them go to waste-they don't earn interest, you know! So I "committed a nautical crime". I felt equal to their accumulated worth and cranked the motor (dead against the Captain's wishes) and got out there where the rest of the boats who seemed to be having fun and were probably into their 50th lap of the race. (My reasoning being that we could do 360's all weekend and not have done anything worthwhile.)

Saturday evening at anchor was the first peace we got. Sunday morning found us with a slipped anchor smack in the middle of the "main drag". Our big clue was the loud buzzing of outboard equipped bass boats and their vigorous chop. Joe put us in a cove and went back to sleep. His snores of contentment, birdsong and a nearby fishing loon lulled me to a peaceful rhythm while I scrubbed the reminders of Saturday's imbedded daggerboard and rudders from the decks and cockpit.

The wind picked up and I thought maybe it would be fun to sail this nice clean boat while he slept.....it certainly was a shame to waste all that wind.....

A stiff wind drove the Halcyon toward the dam (Damn!) with a failed engine and a crazy woman at the helm begging for divine intervention. The man intervened, (screaming “bleep bleeps” that described (probably in army terms) the degrees of my insanity), hauled down the sail, started the engine and got us out of there. He was madder than a wet hen, and just as wet too since we had backed under power (50 horses worth) from the Damn! into a heavy “following sea”. What’s worse is that it wasn’t over yet and fate continued, in rare continuity, to show us her special humor directed at boaters. I can vouch that her boat wrecking and “home wrecking” skills are readily transferable.

Fortunately, the divine intervention I had asked for Sunday morning appeared in a proffered sailing lesson from Ron on Sunday afternoon. Talk about customer service-I hope that angel gets gold wings for that gift! Ron took us out on the Halcyon in that 15-18 mile wind and showed us how to work together and just what the boat could do *if you knew what you were doing*. Under his tutelage, we slowly gained confidence – even as the wind picked up to what he called “knock down puffs”. I learned how to steer through one of these and Joe learned how to move the sails so it wouldn’t knock us down. Once the boat heeled to 30 degrees, I was scared, but not terrified as I would have been had he not been on board. He gave directions, became “rail meat” and even duplicated the situation that had cost me my pride earlier that morning-sailing with just the jib. I felt better, I hadn’t been wrong in sailing that way, just incompetent. The best part, Joe and I didn’t curse or yell at each other-well maybe we cussed once. But we learned we could operate the boat w/o each contemplating the murder of the other. And we learned we really could like sailing. I think Ron’s favorite part was what he described as “the shit eating grin” I sported when we hit 7.1 mph. (*No, we don’t have knots yet!*)

By the time Joe and I got home we were “married” again and we were keeping the boat. “Gold Wings” to you Ron- and many thanks – the people in this sailing club are the greatest!

“Lettitor” from the Editor:

The Night Shift

The sun tore through the cabin light, ricocheted off the coffeepot and lit up the back of my eyelids like an exploding Chagal print. As I attempted to raise my head from the berth, I came to the realization that there was a damn good possibility that an army of some third world country had marched through my head and used my mouth as a slit trench. “Coffee! I need coffee!” This is what I attempted to say. What came out sounded more

like “Graghck habfleplpl!” As I crawled over to the Primus stove and fumbled around for my lighter I spied the remains of my nemesis...ah, yes, the empty magnum of Sauvignon Blanc. It’s coming back to me now. I do remember being lulled into unconsciousness by the clink of the bottle as it rolled around the cabin sole. My ‘Darling Bride’ tosses a smug grin in my direction from the snug comfort of the berth and offers a rhetorical “Are you still having fun, dear?” She can do this with impunity by virtue of the fact that she does not imbibe. (This factor also relegates her to ‘Designated Helmsman’ status whenever the cork pops.) I returned her query with “where’s the Goody powders?” Alas, what brought me to such a state? To elucidate, I must digress.

It all began the day before. We came to race. The winds were light and variable all day...one of those boring ‘drifters’. After the race (we didn’t do too badly) and a good meal, we struck up a conversation with a couple that we often sail with. The results of this conversation facilitated a trip to the local ‘grog’ shop and plans to view the expected full moon from a nice pastoral and secluded cove accompanied by civilized conversation, which automatically rules out politics and religion of course.

With provisions secured we pushed away from the dock and raised sail among the backdrop of a semi-technicolor sunset. Not one of your ‘glorious-hued, vibrant-to-pastel’ sunsets, but on the whole, rather nice. It took to around half-past forever to clear the cove and enter the main body of the lake. By this time it was full dark and we were in that state of semi-contentment, kicked back, swapping lies and swigs and watching the occasional miniscule puff of air twitch the telltales. Every now and then someone would move the tiller around to see if we could get some kind of reaction, but for the most part, we was chillin’.

The Moon rose. Conversation stopped. A breathtaking sight. Descriptions will never do justice; you just have to experience it. We were just at the point where the ooohs and aaahs had subsided when our universe lurched.

I was staring in fascination at the scattered points of moonlight on the ripples heading toward us without realizing just what I was seeing. WIND! The first clues were the boom slamming against the now taught mainsheet, the sound of the jib sheet screaming through the fairlead and the popping of the jib as it flew out to starboard. The boat heeled. Three sets of hands reached for the falling bottle of wine and one cool head (guess who?) grabbed the tiller and in her best ‘Capt. Bligh’ voice demanded “Trim, you idiot!” Seeing that the wine had been successfully rescued, I corrected my original lurch and lunged for the mis-behaving jib-sheet, in the process slipping on the spilled wine and barking my shins on the bridgedeck. (Important ‘Inebriated Night Sailing tip #1; never drink red wine in the cockpit...it stains the fiberglass!) We were off!

What a wind! It wasn’t the ‘maybe-we-oughta-reef’

type, but a steady breeze that kept us well heeled and from a direction that let us run on a close reach all the way up the length of the lake. It was a great ride that you didn't have to work at to enjoy. What a ride! That great big orange moon flirting with the silhouettes of stately pines while casting gleaming gems to bounce across the chop and scatter in our wake. That sharp tang of a good wine combined with the sweet taste of contented laughter. That feeling of one-ness with the elements and the experience of swift, effortless flight over jeweled water. The close companionship of like-minded comrades and shared experiences. A Zen-like moment of unvarnished reality, un-encumbered by the mundane reflexes of the day-to-day. That epiphany of knowing that it's not about controlling the experience, it's just the experience. Ok, ok...at least I didn't get off into politics! Ya wanna pass that bottle? All this bloviating is thirsty work!

Gimp

The Yellow Boat from Hell

By Bob Horan

The Yellow Boat from Hell, sometimes called the Circle Cat (14 Ft.) was something that caught my eye while I was looking thru a family magazine called "Family Circle" in 1975. It was designed by Stevenson Projects and was designed to be built with materials one could find at any building supply store or small town hardware store. I lived in Key West at the time, and wanted to b

Special Olympics Program at Lake Tobosofkee and get a tax write-off. Will also accept other boats, which will be sold, and the proceeds used to support the program.

Contact Phil Martin; 478-751-7363

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

Albacore; 15 ft. open sloop, bow compartment, Harken 6-1 vang, 4-1 mainsheet, swing keel, 3 good sails, good tires on trailer, will plane, easy to set up, \$1000.

Contact Jorge Picabea 478-471-6255

The Wrench Ranch: A lifetime of mechanical experience. European cars a specialty. 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

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

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

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. \$7000.

Carl Saylor: 478-320-7130; carl@sailorspecialties.com

Scenes from 2004 Cherry Blossom Regatta

...and we all played well together

