

The RUDDER

A Publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club



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Next Meeting

Chinese Buffet-2010 Riverside Dr
Tuesday, May 18
Room reserved at 6:30 PM
Meeting starts at about 7:00 PM

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Other info at www.lakejuliettesailingclub.org

Minutes of April 2004 Meeting

The monthly meeting was coerced into order by our esteemed Commodore, the unflappable Warren Abrams. Warren opened the meeting by acknowledging our guest, the lovely Ms. Lisa Edenfield, who did not appear to be too shocked at the cacophonous mayhem we like to call 'the Monthly Meeting'.

The previous 'Meeting Minutes' were approved as posted in the newsletter without any lawyers getting involved or attempts to keelhaul the Secretary. As the Secretary was heaving a sigh of relief, Warren proceeded to solicit reports from the various officers.

First to report was our illustrious Vice-Commodore,

Warren Hughes, who entertained suggestions for a new venue for our meetings. Several suggestions were advanced, some were even serious. Please see the above announcement in the box headlined 'Next Meeting' for the winning entry! For those of you whose suggestions were not picked, good luck next time and thank you for playing.

Next up was the Secretary's report. 'He who ambulates amusingly' requested updates on any changes in postal or e-mail addresses from the membership to keep the database current. Apologies were issued to anyone not receiving the Newsletter and a request was made to please submit anything fit to print.

Jan Dillard followed with the Treasurer's Report. She charmingly reported that the Cherry Blossom Regatta did not bankrupt us and that we actually padded the account by a buck or two. Jan reiterated praise for the folks out at Lake Juliette campgrounds for their invaluable contributions in helping to pull this event off successfully.

Jimmy Harrell, in his capacity as the ad-hoc race committee for the CBR, gave an account of the race from the committee boat perspective. Most of this account I could not hear due to the unauthorized verbal muttering of the unruly.

Ron Katz was called upon for a rambling discussion of upcoming Cruises. Several members allowed as how they would be participating in the Mug Race in Jacksonville. Jacksonville was also mentioned for the Memorial Day Weekend Cruise with Green Cove Springs on the St. Johns River as a launch site. June 11th – 15th is the BEER Cruise in Pensacola, FL. More info on this event can be found at <http://www.knology.net/~ballen1/beer2004.htm>. For the 4th of July, discussion centered on either Panama City or Charleston. Labor Day talk involved Clarks Hill but nothing final was nailed down that I could tell. Ron promised me after the meeting that he would e-mail me a firmer schedule and it will appear elsewhere in this forum. Ron also allowed as how they were planning a trip for the Sea Scouts June 5-6. There was some concern voiced about Teresa's Regatta and a conflict with a bass tournament at Lake Juliette but it was determined that this had not been much of a problem in the past. Jimmy Harrell informed us of the upcoming Sinclair 21 and the Sinclair Open at OSYC.

Carl Saylor took the floor to announce that Phil Martin had offered the Special Olympics Site for a meeting place if we were interested. He also mentioned

that the Special Olympics would be holding monthly Regattas in the lead up to the Southeast Regional in Biloxi July 21-24. This is in addition to their regular Friday sailing events and cookout. Carl also informed the club that two of our illustrious alumni, Ashley Saylor and Killian Dortch took 2nd Place in the Raider Class of the Melbourne Yacht Club Spring Regatta! Way to go, girls! Mr. Carl "If yer not sailin' on the edge, yer usin' too much boat" Saylor took 1st Place. The girls had a funny story about the trophy presentation, but I'll let them tell it, as they owe me an article on their exploits!

...and as usual, the meeting devolved into conversational chaos, we all played well together and went home.

Gimp

Schedule of Events for 2004 are as follows:

May 22-23 Sinclair Open, OSYC
 May 29-31 (Memorial Day)..... Palatka or Jacksonville FL
 June 11-14 BEER Cruise-Pensacola, FL
 June 19-20 Teresa's Regatta
 July 4th Weekend Panama City, FL
 July 17-18..... Small Boat Series #1 & #2, OSYC
 Aug. 7-8..... Small Boat Series #3 & #4, OSYC
 Sept. 4-6..... Labor Day Cruise, TBA
 Oct. 30-31..... Halloween Regatta, OSYC

"Lettitor" from the Editor:

We Wuz Mugged!!

This was my first trip to the Mug Race sponsored by the Rudder Club of Jacksonville, Florida. For those of you who are unfamiliar with this extravaganza, it is an annual romp for 40+ grueling miles on the St. Johns River from Palatka to Jacksonville, guaranteed to test the mettle of seasoned sailors. My daughter, Killian, was returning to crew with Ashley Saylor after a very respectable showing last year on Ashley's Raider. I figured her poor old gray-haired daddy might as well make it a semi-family affair and drag the 'Thera-P', our ragged old MacGregor 26D and a couple of willing accomplices along. I managed to shanghai the veteran nauticalist D. Wilson and my brother, Andy. Now good old Andy had only been on a sailboat once before for a couple hours of aimless drifting and had no idea what he was getting into, but he's as game as they come and...well...there was beer involved.

We began our adventure by meeting up with the Saylor's in Macon to caravan down to Palatka. The drive down was wet but uneventful except for a broken bunk on my trailer discovered at our first gas stop in Florida. This was remedied by the use of a car jack, a 4x4 and the generous application of Duct tape. We arrived in Palatka and got the boat rigged and in the water before the bottom fell out again. The rain on the trip down had

infiltrated the boat a bit and Killian, being the brilliant kid that she is, decided to hang out with Ashley in a dry, air-conditioned motel room instead of a damp, muggy boat. Her momma raised her well.

With almost 200 boats racing, the Race Committee has devised a staggered start, probably calculated with some quantum physics formula based on voodoo and divinations from chicken entrails. They use the same formula to determine your class, except they substitute tea leaves for the chicken guts. At any rate, you get your start time with your race packet that you pick up the night before the race. Early Saturday morning we managed to fortify ourselves with a hearty breakfast washed down with coffee that had no need of martial arts training (it was strong enough to defend itself) courtesy of the Palatka Boy Scouts and still got the boat ready in time for the start.

It was an awe-inspiring sight! An armada of sailboats blanketing the river, milling around waiting on their start time and jockeying for position. It was nautical heaven. We got a great start in clear air and passed several boats. Ashley and Killian had a start time a few minutes after us and managed to overhaul us at the first big bend in the river. The Raiders were the first boats to catch us...I knew there would be more. The girls came blasting around the bend and came up beside us. We waved and hollered encouragement and watched their graceful ballet as they launched their spinnaker...which promptly got fouled! It was impressive the way they worked as a team and kept the boat moving as they struggled with the errant chute. In no time they had the chute flying, the boat trimmed and accelerating away from us. I mean that boat really took off. They caught the AMF (Adios, My Friend) gear and left us checking to see if we had dropped an anchor or run aground. So long, girls, see you at the finish!

We weren't doing so bad either. Andy quickly caught on to the 'racing routine' and you never had to show him anything twice. He always was the smart one in the family. We had some great down wind duels with lots of boats on the first half of the race. Maybe it's just wishful thinking, but I swear we won more of those duels than we lost. About a quarter of the way through the race, we began to see the flotilla of spinnakers gaining on us. We were running in the non-spinnaker class so we didn't feel too bad about being chased down so quickly. There were some really fast boats out there. At some point between there and the halfway point, we ran across Bill Shaw in his Harmony 22, 'Staccato', and hung with him until the bridge that marks the halfway point. I don't know if we caught him or he caught us (probably the latter, he's a hell of a sailor!), but that only lasted until we passed under the bridge. On the other side of the bridge, the wind died...stone dead. We watched in frustration as Bill slowly left us. How does he make that boat move on the faintest breath of air?!? We drifted and listened to the stalled flotilla around us as they cussed and looked for any errant puff to keep some semblance of forward

momentum. I swear at one point there, we were moving backward. When you see a Catamaran dead in the water...you know it's dead.

Halfway between the bridge and Popo Point the wind began to pick up. As we rounded the bend around New Switzerland Point, we saw 'the squall line'. It was obvious that the lead boats were catching hell. I began to worry about the girls, hoping they weren't caught up in it. I told myself they are extremely intelligent kids and there was a chase boat. It didn't help much. Hey, you worry. It turns out, they managed far better than we did...but I'm getting ahead of myself.

The wind was building and we were moving rather nicely, thank you, so we put Andy at the helm. You can explain sailing to someone or have them read all the nautical tomes ever written, but until you put your hands on the tiller, it don't mean squat. After just a few promptings from the two 'old salts', Andy began to get the feel of the boat. The dawning comprehension on his face, coupled with a face-splitting grin hinted at another convert in the throes of 'sailing ecstasy'. This was confirmed a few seconds later when Andy emitted a loud whoop and hollered "Man...this is fun!" Yeah, he'll be back. Andy did a great job. He overhauled and passed a Catalina 25 and a couple other boats of indeterminate make...not bad, rookie!

Then the squall hit. The crew cycled below to don rain gear. Thus protected from the elements, Andy put up the Bimini and I replenished beers while D. took the helm. The rain was coming down pretty good and the wind was continuing to build as we nervously watched the intermittent lightning over the east bank of the river. We began to get some pretty good sustained gusts and manage to finally catch a Hunter 260 we had been chasing when they slowed due to a spinnaker recovery gone awry. The lightning appeared to be getting closer but at least the rain appeared to be easing some. The wind continued to build and D. suggested we might want to prepare to change down from the Genny. I shoulda' listened, but we were beginning to really fly. We were in clear air and had a good line to the bridge compared to the other boats around us. Then the bottom fell out.

I heard a loud crack as our world lit up and saw Andy jump like he was shot. Among the mumbled expletives I heard the word "lightning". It seems he had his arm hooked over the cockpit rail and received a little love tap from Thor's hammer. He said he was OK and I didn't see any smoke but his hair seemed to have a little more curl to it. The rain hit with a vengeance. Visibility dropped to zero until I pulled off my glasses. That improved it to about 50 to 75 feet. We were beating to windward on a starboard tack in the general direction of the last sighting of the big mug marker when a huge ketch materialized out of the storm on a port tack and heading right for us. She was the burdened boat but I wasn't real sure it would be much of a burden for her to roll right over us. She looked huge, probably wasn't, but at the time she looked to be at least a gazillion feet. We

stuck it out and she passed close enough to read the serial numbers off our transom.

By now it was raining so hard that our rain gear was useless. Everything and everybody was soaked. We couldn't see what traffic we had around us but we knew we were getting pretty close to the big mug. D went below to get the jib ready as we decided to change down after we rounded the mug. As the big mug buoy materialized out of the sheeting rain, so did every sailboat in the state, or so it seemed. We were all being funneled down to that one small point on the river. It was a sight that would have given an experienced air traffic controller ulcers. D and Andy went forward to change headsails...and the nightmare began.

We rounded the mug and the genny came down...and nothing went up. It was obvious that something went awry. We were sailing on the main in very high winds, blinding rain and god-awful traffic parallel to the I-295 bridge and about 50 feet away. We began to slow and sideslip. D scrambled back to the cockpit, borrowed my knife and cut 8 inches off the mainsheet and mumbled something about "the !@#*+! Shackle won't fit through the clew". OH SH*T!!! I thought about tacking across the traffic, but was afraid of broaching. Jesus, but that bridge is getting close. About the time the boat stalled out, D got the sheets tied to the clew and Andy hauled on the halyard like a madman. Our luck deserted us.

Before I could trim the headsail, the bow whipped around and the forestay caught the bridge and snapped. The mast came crashing down and the only thing that kept me from having a new and extremely large part in my hairdo was that cheap flimsy bimini. The mainsail draped across the bimini and left me with about 2 degrees of visibility out the starboard side and no clue as to what was happening on the foredeck. As the wind pushed us under the bridge, I lowered the outboard and fired it up. It immediately stalled and I looked to see the backstay running tight as a cheap guitar string straight down to the propeller. !!@#*&!it! OK, I could hear D and Andy scrambling around the foredeck and no one was screaming... their probably OK. On the bright side, it wasn't raining under the bridge. All I could see with my limited visibility were concrete pylons dancing so close I could spit on 'em...against the wind! Gotta clear the prop or we're dead! I made sure the motor was in neutral and went over the transom. I'm still not sure how I cleared the prop, blind dumb luck I guess. I managed to grab up what was left of the backstay, the topping lift and every other stray line and cable hanging near the motor and tucked it under one arm and fired the motor up. We motored out into that narrow space between the eastbound and westbound bridges, which gave us a little respite from the winds, while D and Andy scrambled furiously to clear the tangled disaster on the foredeck and secure what they could. The guys on the foredeck had to feed me steering commands, as I still couldn't see a damn thing and we were in very tight quarters. On top

of all this, the motor kept stalling. Then I heard D holler "slow down, we're runnin' outa' room!" You ever have an urge to break out in maniacal, hysterical laughter?

It felt like days, but it couldn't have been more than an hour or two of steady, frantic work by the crew and a lot of dodging and weaving on my part to get us out of our little predicament. By the time the weather began to calm down a little, the crew had secured what they could and wrapped up the mainsail so that I could see. We ducked out the other side of the bridge and headed for the Rudder Club. It must have been a hell of a site as we wallowed in to the Rudder Club trailing the mast and other various rigging remnants. We came in like a three legged cow with a telephone pole stuck up its' butt...and wouldn't you know it, the parking lot was full! There were boats everywhere. We finally got rafted up next to a Precision 21, thanks to some assistance by Ron Katz and the good Samaritans on the Precision after doing about a half hours worth of 360's while the crew manhandled the mast forward and lashed it to the pulpit to shorten our LOA so we could dock the beast. I needed a drink. Whiskey...about 3 fingers...in a number two washtub!

We finished battening down what was left to be battened down as Carl came down the dock in a screaming hurry to run back to Palatka for the tow vehicles. As he hurried down the dock with Andy in tow, he threw back an ecstatic "The girls were AWESOME! They kicked hienie!" 'Heinie'?? Ya gotta love Carl! He's a hell of a sailor, but he can't cuss for sh*t! I guess details would have to wait. Oh well, I went below to look for dry boat towels to mop up the mess in the cabin. Maybe even find something dry that might resemble clothing.

D and I managed to scrounge some apparel that was merely damp and staggered off in search of the promised 'free dinner and beer'. As we wandered toward the clubhouse we began to hear snatches of 'stories' and a lot of them were about "those girls on the Raider". I began to limp a little straighter and the afternoon got a little brighter. The trials of the day receded into insignificance as I basked in the warm glow of the girls' accomplishment. I began to hear tales of the girls sweeping the 'Trifecta'. First in their boat class, first in the Juniors Class and first All Women Crew! Man, I was walkin' on air and couldn't wait to see my baby girl and give her and Ashley both a great big hug! Alas, that would have to wait as the girls had retired to the motel for a hot shower and clean, dry clothes. Smart kids.

I finally caught up with the girls after Carl and Andy got back with the vehicles. Andy and I went out to eat with the Saylor family, John Drawe, Paul Keller and of course, Killian. D stayed to hold down the fort at the bar...he deserved it! The rest of us enjoyed a nice repast to the accompaniment of half told tales, anecdotal snippets, mini-sagas and disjointed mini-epics. It was wonderful. I won't give away the girls' story as they have promised me a literary epic for the newsletter. As Killian told D, "Have we got some stories for you!" It should

appear soon.

There were also some other locals with great stories. Mike Sherlock, our semi-estranged brother now living in Florida, took first place in the MONO/ONE1 Class in his Flying Scott. I talked with Mike after the race and he allowed as he was looking forward to acquiring another cruiser and doing some cruising with the club again. Ron Katz took first in the RCHS3 Class on his San Juan 23. Bill Shaw from OSYC took first in the RCHS6 Class on his Harmony 22. If you've ever sailed with the Barefoot Club on Lake Lanier then you probably know Pam Keene. Pam took first place in the PHRF1 Class on her Morgan 24. Joe Waters, John Drawe and Paul Kellar took 2nd, 3rd and 4th Places, respectively, in the Raider Class. Congratulations all on a hell of a race!

I guess the best summation of the trip came from Andy. After relating to John and Paul his incredible first adventure in a race complete with being struck by lightning and dismasted in a gale, John asked him "I guess you don't want to do this again, huh?" Andy replied, "Are you kidding, I gotta come back to see what happens next!" Oh yeah...we'll be back.

Gimp

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@saylorsspecialties.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

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. \$6500.

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

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

'86 ¾ 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**