

The RUDDER

A Publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club



OFFICERS

COMMODORE.....	Warren Abrams Pegride@bellsouth.net – 770-228-3865
VICE COMMODORE.....	Warren Hughes Hughesw@cox.net – 478-971-7452
TREASURER.....	Jan Dillard drallid49@cox.net – 478-477-8408
SECRETARY/RUDDER EDITOR	Michael Dortch Toezip@aol.com – 478-742-1656
CRUISE COMMITTEE	Ron Katz Autowizard@aol.com - 478-742-3556

Next Meeting

Tuesday, November 16, 2004
San Marcos Mexican Restaurant
2460 Riverside Dr, Macon, GA
 Room reserved for 6:00 p.m.
 Meeting starts at 7:00 p.m.

The RUDDER is the official publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club. Statements and opinions appearing herein are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent (and probably don't) the group position of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club. The Editor reserves the right to edit all material for publication and to publish only that material which is felt to be in the best interest of the LJSC. So, there!

Other info at www.lakejuliettesailingclub.org

Minutes of October '04 Meeting

Our venerable leader and exalted Commodore, Warren Abrams, called the meeting to order without having to resort to the use of force. Most of us cooperated because it's so upsetting to have to flog a member before dinner. The Minutes of the previous meeting were approved as published, probably because nobody wanted to re-write them. The restaurant was remarked upon and approved of by general consensus.

And this brought us up to the 'reports' portion of the meeting.

Our Vice-Commodore, the verbally abbreviated Warren Hughes, delivered his usual succinct report.

Due to the absence of our esteemed Treasurer, the lovely and talented Jan Dillard, there was no Treasurer's Report. The Secretary's Report was his usual frantic plea for items of a literary nature to preclude his propensity for bloviating in the newsletter. I reiterate...help me!

Bob Horan was next in the pulpit as he gave us a very erudite rundown of the fun and frolic precipitated by the annual Treasure Hunt. If ya'll missed this one, you missed a great day of sailing.

Next up was our Cruise Director, the loquacious Ron Katz, who gave us an update on the 'Halibut Cruise' and a report on the Sea Scout program.

Our esteemed Commodore regained the helm and inquired as to any new business. The need to appoint a Nominating Committee to try to shanghai some new Officers was kicked around for a while. The results of which, according to my semi-legible frantically scribbled notes, was the anointing of Warren Hughes and John Davis to be the official arm twisters and cajolers of prospective new Officers. Good luck, guys.

Also thrown into the melee of new business, the need to start planning for the Cherry Blossom Regatta. The general discussion that followed pointed out a few details that need to be worked out, such as the fact that Lake Juliette has closed the Day Use Area and we might not be able to use the pavilion on the point. Warren Hughes was asked to head this up and he actually agreed to do it. Seriously, this is our biggest event and involves a lot of groundwork, planning, effort and just plain hard work so feel free to volunteer. Warren's going to need all the help he can get.

The lovely and vivacious Grayson Smith honored us with some updated info on the Halloween Regatta held at OSYC. This has always been a fun event. Hopefully we'll have a little wind to race by.

At this point, with the meeting beginning to degenerate into its usual conversation chaos, a motion to adjourn was cast into the turbulence and was seized upon and passed. We all played well together and went home.

Gimp

Schedule of Events for 2004

Nov. 16 Come to the meeting and make a suggestion!

) ~ /) ~ /) ~ /)

A Gathering of Morgans By Capt. Steve Ligeikis

Like at a family reunion, I was privileged to attend the 19th Annual Morgan Invasion, on October 2nd, at the invitation of Bob Horan. What a great crowd of Morgan Brothers and Sisters met at Treasure Island tennis & Yacht Club, near Clearwater Florida. It certainly will further my pleasant sea memories, and at 71 yrs old, I enjoy them. Though I was supposed to meet Bob as the treasure Island Tennis & Yacht Club on the 2nd, he called me Friday morning with a slight problem about 5 miles from his destination at the Club. It seems Bob met Mr. Murphy at the same time his boat trailer hit a little bump going over a small bridge. Guess what? All Mr. Murphy did was point his finger at one of Bob's trailer axles - the axle broke off clean as a whistle right next to the spring shackle and off came the wheel spindle and all, waving bye-bye past Bob's truck.

I arrived about two hours later to find Bob sweating profusely in a hot parking lot with his propped up broken rig, hoping he would have solved his problem by the time I go there. Instead he was busy replacing a flat tire for a nice looking German blond who had only 3 good lugs to hold the spare on. After we got rid of the blonde, who by the way was also a-pointed by Mr. Murphy, we got serious about the wheel less trailer. After hack sawing off the old shackles and dumping the axle into Bob's truck we started asking around and several options were presented. We killed nearly 3 hours exploring options. We met a shop owner who had trailer parts but not exactly what we needed. Bob was very kind and patient with this shop owner who was about as pleasant as walking through a blackberry patch on a moonless night. Out of respect for Bob, I avoided telling this man a thing or two. Later, within walking distance of the trailer breakdown, we found a welding shop.

Save-The-Day! The welder was able to place an insert into the broken axle, weld it all together and presto, we were back in business. Bob mentioned to me while we waited approximately one half hour for the welder to complete the job, that he thought he'd tip him \$5.00, since he took this job as an emergency. I said, "let's see first what the bill is". When the welder said \$40.00, Bob and I both figured the \$5.00 tip was included. All in all Bob got away with less than \$80 for the damage, which I think was quite OK considering the situation. Putting the trailer back together took another hour and Bob and I both know it would pay now to weld in reinforcement inserts or replace both axles before

making another long trip.

Hooray! It's a bright Saturday morning and the Morgan Clan is eager to go off -shore and race! So is Capt. Steve -- This is his first official race. Finally at age 71! My first race was quite by accident when I owned the Maggie". It involved the Bradenton Yacht Club "BYC". I had anchored near the mouth of the Manatee River and Tampa Bay several years ago. As always, I would throw in a whole mullet on a big hook for the night, hoping to wake up with a nice grouper. Instead, I was rudely awakened just before 09:00 by cussing sailors and loud horns on all sides. There must have been 100 or more boats - all sail, in every direction I looked! After shaking out the cobwebs, I decided I was in the middle of a sailboat race! What to do? I'm anchored, or so I thought. I went to the forward deck to check the anchor. What I found was that a shark about 6ft long had hooked onto my line over night then proceeded to tangle the anchor line such that he pulled me into the middle of a sailboat race. So much for my first sailboat race. On the plus side of racing, I can say it's God's truth that I once sailed by myself on lake Okeechobee according to the GPS at a registered speed of 15.8 MPH on the "Maggie" (42 ft Motor Sailor by Lindsey) before the Genoa exploded. This was more than twice the hull speed of the boat. If Mr. Lindsey is still alive he should know this event happened with a rank amateur at the helm. I doubt he would ever have thought his design would go that fast. Also I doubt I'll ever again go that fast in a monohull sailboat. I think the wind speed at the time was about 50Mph. Hey! I was on a 42ft boat completely surrounded by land under full sail. What's the problem?

Anyway, back to the real race -- leaving the marina under motor power, skipper Bob immediately ordered sails-up. We had about 3 miles yet to get to Johns Pass, which is the outlet to the open Gulf of Mexico. At this I knew Bob was seriously interested in doing well in this race. He further convinced me of this when we arrived at the start mark offshore. Mind you, I'm not well versed or experienced at sailboat racing, however I trusted Bob and Henry Francis who came on as crew to lead me in the ways of racing. Henry has a 30ft. Morgan in Chattanooga and came down for the event. Though I was a willing crewmember, I relied mostly on Skipper Bob and Henry

I first noticed the start line, which had about 40 Morgans of various sizes from about 60ft to 22 ft. All pointing South near the line. Next on the VHF came announcements from the committee boat advising the number of seconds left for certain size or class boats to get up to the line then, Boom! The cannon went off and the race was on. I never did quite understand which boats were supposed to start upon cannon fire. I only know this, when all boats were pointed South skipper Bob was steering west, between, in front of, and behind all southbound boats on a port tack. I finally said to Skipper Bob, "You are scaring the pants off me" this

gentleman to me had become a dangerous tiger. He told me of, Right of Ways, Taking wind from opponents' sails, etc. My interest and his at this time were not coinciding. I did my best to hold my tongue. Further more, he would pick on or challenge boats big enough to cut him in half. This happened several times. One skipper gave us some choice expletives to chew on, worse; I thought another was going to lob tomatoes at us. We passed his bow close enough for me to see his brown eyes. He also took a swipe with his boat hook. Skipper Bob told me to "Have no fear" We were "well within the rules of sailboat racing". "That's fine but what about Col-Regs??"

At first we got a slow start with only a 100 jib in 1-3kt winds, the last 2 legs were faster. Skipper Bob maneuvered ahead of many boats. We could see Clearwater to the North and Egmont Key to the South. We made a respectable showing except for the start and finish, both of which were hazardous to me. I mentioned "Hazardous Gregg" to Bob and he informed me there is no comparison between them. Since I have yet to meet Hazardous Greg, I must give Bob the benefit of the doubt.

At the finish line we were in a four boat race - not a boat length difference. All four tacked back and forth several trying to make the last 50 yards to the line. Certainly was exciting. Next time Bob, remind me to lower the centerboard so we can out point those big boats. I'm not sure how the official race results came out, I only know we had a real good private race with about 5 boats heading back to the dock. We won didn't we Bob??

Thanks for the good time, Bob. The camaraderie and just sailing on the sea in a sailboat keeps me happy. By the way, "that *Linda Jean* is some boat!"

Steve Ligeikis

"Lettitor" from the Editor:

"Moondance"

Yeah, she was mad. I could tell from the long intense silence on the way to the boat. I wracked my brain, scrolling through my memories of the last several hours trying to figure out where I had crossed that fine line between being the sarcastically irritating SOB, my usual default setting, into the realm of 'Supreme Sphincter'. Was it something I said? Stupid question. "Of course it is, moron", I answered myself. I just had to figure out where I had made that fatal mistake. I knew from experience that playing '20 questions' was a futile waste of words. Besides, I usually just dig myself in even deeper. I tried a little small talk.

"Anything special you want from the store when we stop for ice? A cold drink or something?"

"No!"

"Is that too much air on you, dear?"

"No!"

I was totally outmaneuvered on the conversational front. She was solidly entrenched behind a barican of silence. It was a cold wind blowing from the passenger side of the truck. It was colder than a gut-shot bitch wolf dog with nine suckin' pups pullin' a #4 trap up a hill in the middle of winter in a blinding snowstorm with a mouth full of porcupine quills. O.K., I stole that last line from a Tom Waits song...but it paints a picture, don't it?

We stopped for ice and I brought her a cold drink and some chocolate. She sipped the coke in silence and stuffed the chocolate in her bag while fishing for her cigarettes.

"Would you light one for me, please?" She tossed the pack in my lap.

We got to the dock and stowed supplies and readied the boat in silence. We cast off and motored out of the slip. I asked her to take the tiller while I crawled up on the foredeck and set the sails. After I shut off the motor and raised it, I sat down and trimmed the sails for the beam reach that would carry us up the lake. She made a move to turn the tiller over to me. "Go ahead," I said, "I'm gonna get a beer. You want anything?" I interpreted the curt motion of her head in the negative and went below for a cold one.

I returned to the cockpit in time to watch the last rays of the sun paint the edges of the sparse clouds with those un-nameable colors. Rather pretty. I went below and hit the nav lights. I came back up as what little breeze we had dropped off to a whisper. We drifted in silence into the deepening gloom. I played with the sails to no avail, she let go of the tiller and leaned back on a cushion against the stern rail. We drifted...in silence. I got another beer.

It was about a couple beers later when I noticed a golden glow beginning behind the pines of the far side of the lake. We were a day or two away from a full moon, but it was close enough. That big lopsided yellow disk cleared the tree tops and paved a golden highway across the lake. We sat and watched the moonlight paint pictures on the water, basking in the glow of the lunar light show. She lit a cigarette and passed it to me. She reached back and got her cushion and positioned it next to me against the port rail. "I can see better from here", she said as she leaned against me. I tentatively put my arm around her shoulders as she snuggled up next to me and put her hand on my knee.

We watched that golden moon turn to silver as it ambled across the night sky. We drifted and snuggled in a state of contentment for some time. I felt a little nibble at my earlobe and heard her say softly "Why don't we drop the motor and find us a nice secluded cove?"

Sometimes drifters can be fun.

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.

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

Time to get that boat in shape! For all types of boat repairs, Fiberglass/Composites 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**

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

Hobie Holder 17: Trailer, 4hp Johnson, \$2400

Contact Carl Saylor; 478-320-7130

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

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

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

Ron Katz; 478-742-3556 – autowizard@aol.com

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