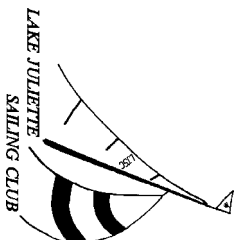


LAKE JULIETTE SAILING CLUB
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RUDDER

Volume 5 No. 6 July 1996

JULIETTE



JULIETTE RUDDER

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1996
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WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO (Pick one or more)

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- NEWSLETTER
- CLUB ADMINISTRATION
- OTHER _____

EVENTS AND ITEMS I WOULD BE INTERESTED IN:

- FUN RACES
- HANDICAP RACES
- CLASS RACES
- EXCURSIONS
- COOKOUTS
- RAFTUPS
- BEACH PARTIES
- SOCIAL DINNERS

US Olympics on the Web

Unable to get to get tickets for the sailing events, cannot find the sailing events in your TV Guide, try the Web. A large number of sites will carry sailing results, interviews and other information you may be interested in. Weather information, sea conditions, and of course daily racing results will be available for anyone with Web access.

The official Olympic Web site (<http://www.atlanta.olympic.org/>) was designed and developed by IBM for the Atlantic Committee for the Olympic games. It has been receiving more than 250,000 hits per day, making it one of the most popular sites on the web. The official Olympic yachting page can be reached by using the search function at the general Olympic Web site or via it's own Uniform Resource Locator (<http://www.atlanta.olympic.org/acog/sports/yachting/d-yachting.html>).

Of course there are many others including one maintained by the International Yacht Racing Union (IYRU). It's Web page(<http://www.sailing.org>), probably easier to remember and/or to type in, includes interviews and features about many of the teams participating.

Another Web site (<http://www.savaneews.com>) developed by the Savannah News-Press daily newspaper and Sailing World Magazine. This site should have the latest information because of the local news resources available and linked up to on-site reporters.

Additional Sites

<http://www.process.com/launch/olysail.htm>

<http://www.sidney.olympic.org/>

<http://www.sidney.olympic/images/sailing.htm>

NOTICES

The July meeting will be held on the 16th of July at The Olive Garden Restaraunt in Macon located near the Macon Mall. The meeting will start at 7PM and should be finished about 9PM. Topics for discussion will be; the rowing course and practice, the Moonlight Sail and Race, the knot of the month, and any new business.

The Club still has some of the new Burgee's available. For those of you who have not gotten yours yet, John Drawe will have some with him at the July meeting and will sell them for \$10.00 each.

The Father's Day Race started but had no finish, all motored back to get home because the wind died completely.

Ron Falk has been able to get is rudder fixed and will be sailing his RK20 again.

The rowing lanes set up on Lake Juliette is up the lake near the power plant on the right. Will provide a lot of shallow water space to anchor to watch the practice.

For Sale:

Precision 18, 1987, Very little use until 1994. Always kept under cover. Fast pocket cruiser with all the extras. Genoa, 3 hp outboard and Galvanized trailer. Less than half replacement cost. \$3800 John Drawe - 912-935-8208

SouthCoast 22, 1973, Good condition, 3 sails, 6hp Johnson ob, bimini, swim ladder, new mainsheet blocks, good trailer w/3 new tires, many extras, an awful lot of boat for such a low price and a good race record. \$2500 Bob Horan - 912-929-1377

Knot of the month

The **Boline on a bight** is tied in the bight or middle of a line when both ends are inaccessible or strain is expected from both standing parts. It makes an excellent sling for sitting in because the double loop is more comfortable to sit in than a single loop. It is quite easy to tie and can be a very useful tool for any sailor.

The diver reported some chain coming up and not long after, a just-a-bout-new 17 lb. hooker anchor still with the sale sticker on it & 6 ft of chain. With much whooping and yelling the anchor was on deck. With sails set we headed back down the beach. All aboard were in a good mood with talk about the good free anchor for Zephyr. As we enjoyed the sail on a broad reach I noted a steady clink of empty beer cans hit the trash can under the companionway ladder. As my beer supply shrank I wondered about the "free anchor"

Capt. Fred Veator

From the Editor

Well time rushes on; the olympic rowing teams are here, the spring cruises are finished, this month's RUDDER is a few days late, the binnacle list of last month is gone, and every day some of us work closer to our lifetime dreams and others work farther away. No I didn't always dream of publishing a sailing newsletter. I will say that publishing the RUDDER is never something I hate, and is usually something I really enjoy. This month's edition is one that I liked. I was worried I would not have room for everything. I had a lot of ideas that I wanted to put in the editors section and now that every page is full and I only get a half page, I guess I didn't need that much space anyway.

I hope many of you get a chance to anchor and watch the rowing on the lake. It should provide some good times for those of us who have not seen the likes of these speed machines first hand. I plan to make every effort to watch these young people practice and hope all of you can also.

Bob Horan

From the log of Zephyr

5 June 1996 "The Anchor" by Fred Veator

At precisely 1300 the dock lines hung on the posts and Zephyr idled slowly out of her slip and up the short channel at Bay Point (Recently renamed, Capt. Walt Channel). With the afternoon sea breeze kicking in at 10-12 knots I headed Zephyr into the wind as my crew, two apprentice seamen (fellow workers) raised sail. Something didn't look right with the jib. I realized it had been hanked on upside down, it would be a long time before they got to move aft of the mast.

The reason for this trip was to check out what one of the crew had seen a couple days ago while he was snorkeling in front of his condo on the beach. About 75 ft. of 1/2" line laying on the bottom with one end disappearing in the sandy bottom. After a couple tacks and the help of a 3 know outgoing tide we were through the jetties and sailing the 5 miles up the beach in excellent sailing conditions.

Arriving off the beach in front of said condo, we were met by a snorkeler in the water (also a fellow worker) who had found the line and was waving us toward him. Toward him we went & went, almost running him down as we dropped sails & anchor in about 10 ft. of water. With the line run over the bow roller and back to the main sail winch, the struggle began. With one pulling and one working the handle, the line slowly began to come aboard. By now another snorkeler had shown up and several swimmers come over to see what we were dragging up from the bottom of the sea. One older couple even asked as if we were from the U.S. Coast Guard. With the line coming over the bow tight enough to play Dixie on, we weren't having much luck getting what was on the end of the line to move. What we needed was some waves, and right on queue along came the 'Sea Screamer' and of course some very healthy waves from it's wake.

Cheeseburgers in Paradise or "Captain Morgan's a helluva sailor"! by Greg Milani

April 3: I was off on my vacation and my RK20 was hitched up to my chevy truck. I was planning to go to Savannah for some much needed relaxation when my old friend Lamar Hyde called me up. Lamar lives aboard his 26 food Lawrence sloop which is docked at Massalina Bayou in Panama City Fl. We go back - way back together. "I hear you are ready to head down to Savannah" he said. "Yep!" I replied "I've got the whole month off". "Well". he said, "I've been up here visiting my folks and I'm heading back to P.C. Unless you are just 'bust-a-gut set on Savannah, you are invited to follow me to Florida. I'm well set and I think you'd have more fun in Panama City".

It didn't take him long to change my mind and two days later we were on our way. Lamar is a sailing fanatic and a very old friend. In Panama City he sails for a living aboard the 41' ketch 'Jolly Mon'; a charter boat. Unmarried, he lives the proverbial "Life of Riley". That's right folks, I said he sails for a living. I could kill him.

We launch my craft at the City Pier right there at Massalina Bayou and in short order the "Renegade" was tied up along side Lamar's boat, the Naked Lady". The dock is owned by a really great bunch of people who call themselves "The Offshore Cruise Club", and is made up mostly of sport fishing boats and only 3 sailboats. The Dockmaster, Capt. Rick Schumaker and his lovely wife Audrey is fortunately a sailor and owns a 31' Choy Lee sloop. He is also one of the nicest chaps you will ever meet. The hospitality I received was incredible.

A party was already assembled and I was taken into the fold. What a feast! Crab, shrimp, grouper flounder, oysters and just about every other fish in the sea was served. The bar

was equally well furnished. Life is good! Later on I was able to partly repay Capt. Rick's incredible generosity by lending a hand along with a few others in getting his newly overhauled Westerbeek diesel engine back into his boat. With everyone lending a hand, the 500lb engine was installed in about an hour. Lesson: Many hands = light work.

The weather gods of sailing were with us and we cruised the Renegade up and down the beach in front of the party places for a couple of days. Spring break was in full swing and we anchored offshore and swam in to join the party crowd at LaVela's and Spinnakers. The "in" places.

I have made a few wild scenes in my life but I must confess I have seldom seen the likes of what was happening at LaVela's. My eyes were out of their sockets most of the time. That's what ten thousand young high school and college girls in string bikinis all party-ing and each one more beautiful than the other will do for a 50 year old man! The atmosphere was changed! It was sensory overload! and I soon found I could only take it for a few hours at a time. Life is good! My friend Lamar is only a few years younger than I and we soon agreed that a couple more days of the way we were going would kill us dead as mackerels. For our own good we decided to throw my gear aboard the Naked Lady and sail to Apalachicola "Around the horn"

First off we needed to clean the Lady's bottom so I put on scuba gear and in about an hour she was good to go. I was a bit apprehensive about towing Lamar's dinghy but he insisted we would need it later on. He was right and the little blue dinghy followed with nary a problem.

That day the blue Gulf of Mexico did to us what a lake can never do. As expected, we were mesmerized. Sailing along with a rum in one hand and the tiller in the other,. I was in heaven! The sun, the sky and the tree foot following seas, dolphins alongside, skimming pelicans, a good friend, good music, good food all combined to put honest-to-god grins on

The waters of the I.C.W. reminded me of the Louisiana Bayous and indeed it's inner recesses were inhabited by Cajun types who lived on house-boats or should I say "boat-houses" and in little shacks built up on stilts. Those folks sure must love privacy and I doubt they get many trick-or-treaters. With the Yanmar humming and the jib up we made it back to Massalina Bayou in 13.5 hours, right at dark and right at the beginning of a rainstorm which lasted all night. Our timing had been perfect.

Well all good things must come to an end, at the end of 10 days - we were out of money. I'd left just enough money in my truck to buy gas for the trip home and it's a good thing I did. We didn't have 2 dollars between us! It was time for me to go home and for Lamar to go back to "work"???

Hazardous

Greg

PS Rick and Audrey - Thanx a lot!

15 pound fluke anchor which I bummed from Lamar. When the wind veered the fluke would not reset and I'd have to swim down and set it by hand. On Lamar's boat we used a 35 pound fluke with lots of chain and scope and his larger boat would stay put no matter where we left it. The lesson: You can't really have too much anchor if you leave your boat anchored overnight in the ocean. If I spent a lot of time in saltwater there is no other way I would go except with a good heavy C.Q.R plow-type. But that's just MY Opinion.

The next day we slept a lot, the partying and sailing had worn us down. One of Lamar's pals came out for a visit on a big Ski-Doo and they took off for a long ride. I preferred to remain in my berth.

The following day got us to Apalachicola. I had envisioned a large bustling town but much to my surprise I found a small quaint little village right out of the 1920's. It reminded me of a Bogart movie and I imagined Bogie on every corner smoking a cigarette. Our berth at Apalachicola was perfect and didn't cost a dime. The hurricane had torn up a dock except for the tip portion which had a roof on it. It measured a generous 40' by 40' and was very private. We tied up the Lady and took our sun showers on it. We changed our clothes and rowed ashore in the dinghy which was really worth it's salt after all.

We took a stroll around the town which can be foot toured in an hour and met up with a couple of guys we'd met at St. George Island. Yet another night of partying. Our dinner that night was at a bar and consisted of German beer and all the free cocktail weenies we could eat! Early the next morning we raised the Jib and began motor sailing up the Apalachicola River with plans to return to P.C. via the Intercoastal Waterway. The NOAA Weather Channel had informed us that small craft advisories were out on the way we had come in. The Intercoastal waterway seemed a god send as the Gulf water was whipped to a foam by high winds out of the West. Besides we'd been told that the waterway was very charming and should not be missed. They were right!

our faces which even a brick could not have wiped off. The boat was sailing well and the sea put a spell on us which was even stronger than Captain Morgan's! Life is good!

That day we got as far as Cape San Blass and we put the hook down for the night. Then I swear, the wind dropped to zero and every star in the heavens came out. The sea was as flat as a mirror, and just as reflective. Every star that could be seen in the sky could actually be seen on the water. It was a most splendid sight to behold! I have never seen the sea so tranquil. I poured a shot of Capt. Morgan's over the side to thank King Neptune. That night we slept as if on beds ashore, there was never so much as a bob nor the slap of a halyard!

The next day we cruised the shores of Saint George Island a beautiful place indeed. The beautiful sea-side homes were all different and unique and we were green with envy that we would probably never own one. For some folks, Life is Great! That afternoon we dropped the hook of the St. George and rowed ashore in the dinghy. We carried it up on the sand and set it down right next to two very nice ladies who were more our age. They promptly invited us to spread our towels next to theirs and to help ourselves to their cooler full of beer! We wiled away the hours in splendid conversation and when the sun was gone - so was their beer! All that sailing had made us thirsty indeed.

We walked around St. George Island that night and had 'a cheeseburger in paradise'. It seemed that Lamar had friends everywhere and we were given rides to their various party places and everyone I met was very friendly and laid back. I guess living by the sea does that. We returned to the beach in the wee hours of the morning and the Naked Lady was right where we'd left her.(The boat that is) Note: The sandy bottom on the Gulf of Mexico (at least in the areas where we were) is flat and very hard. I put on diving gear several times and checked the anchor set before we swam to shore at P.C. to party. The Renegade is a small boat but in the wind and swells of P.C. Beach, she would not be held by a mushroom nor by a

