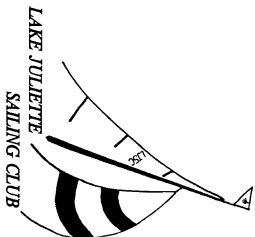
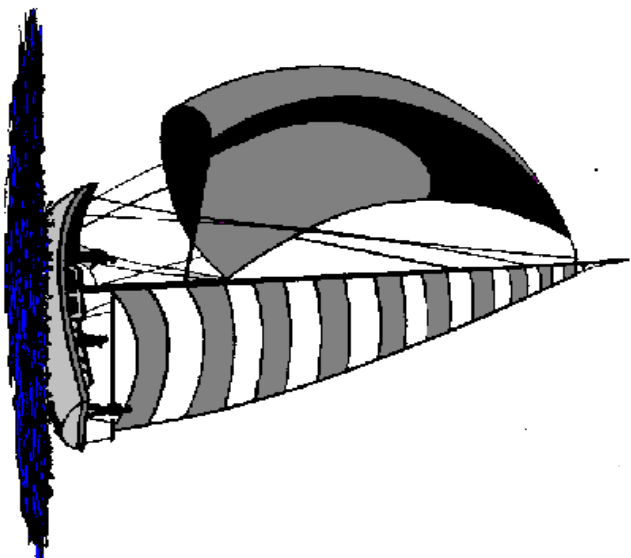


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# JULIETTE



# RUDDER

Volume 7 No. 8

Aug. 1997



# *JULIETTE* **RUDDER**

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1997  
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WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO (Pick one or more)

- RACE COMMITTEE ASSISTANCE  
 SPECIAL COMMITTEES AS REQUIRED FOR EVENTS  
 NEWSLETTER  
 CLUB ADMINISTRATION  
 OTHER \_\_\_\_\_

EVENTS AND ITEMS I WOULD BE INTERESTED IN:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> FUN RACES      | <input type="checkbox"/> COOKOUTS       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HANDICAP RACES | <input type="checkbox"/> RAFTUPS        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLASS RACES    | <input type="checkbox"/> BEACH PARTIES  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EXCURSIONS     | <input type="checkbox"/> SOCIAL DINNERS |

again for Marco Island and the 70 mile passage back was nearly as wild as our night crossing had been the week before but 20 miles from Marco Island the wind went Kaput. Zero, Nothing. Joel's motor had committed suicide earlier in the day as we were motoring out of Content Key. An overtaking wave from the stern had filled the carburetor with water and the poor piston, unable to compress seawater blew out a cylinder. The engine was locked up and useless. We bobbed on the glass-like surface and the mosquitoes found us again. We retreated below and spent a hot, uncomfortable night of misery.

### **Wednesday 14th;**

No wind, no motor and still 20 miles from Big Marco Pass. Joel is sleeping late again - not that we were going anywhere anyhow. The doldrums were unnerving me to no end. Joel finally got up and tried to get some life into the motor. "No use, It's gone" he said. This being a family-oriented publication, I cannot repeat what I said. After a few more maddening hours the wind god took pity on us and gave us a measly 5 MPH wind, just enough for steerage. Joel did a great sailing job pinching up the shoreline and at dark thirty we sailed neatly into the docks at the Snook Inn, redeeming ourselves as sailors. The evening was perfect. For dinner I had a large cheeseburger plate with salad and fries, an order of hot wings and two dozen oysters.

### **Thursday 15th.**

We departed for Naples and the sailing gods gave us our smoothest, nicest sail of the whole trip. Although we had to beat like the devil to reach our Sannibel Island anchorage, we dropped the hook for the final time and grinned at each other in the light of the citronella candle. We had made it. The bad and the good had been mixed together and, by God, it had been worth it all!

Hazardous Greg

## Notices

The Meeting for Aug is scheduled for the 19th at Buffalo's Restaurant on Zebulon Road. West of I475. The topics to be discussed will include the past Treasure Hunt & Moonlight Sail weekend on the 16 & 17 of Aug., and the upcoming Lake Lanier weekend cruise. Also to be discussed is the Labor Day Weekend Cruise/Race at the August Sailing Club.

As you can see from the above, the Treasure Hunt is being moved to Saturday the 16th. at the Oconee Sail and Yacht Club on Lake Sinclair. This will make that weekend a full sailing weekend. The Hunt during the day on Saturday, dinner at Paradise Restaurant then the moonlight sail later and the Moonlight weekend race on Sunday. The move was needed because the Hunt Director this year had a change of schedule and the Lake level is dropping and some boats might not be able to sail. See the flyer included with this newsletter.

One of the items of discussion at the June and July meeting was the cloth patches we have been looking into getting for the Club. Your assignment as a member of the Club is to put together a design that will not cost too much to produce but will be something all of us can be proud to display on our sailing jacket/hat/shirt. If you need a copy of the logo call me I have it on paper and in a computer file. Just draw up something on paper and using the design you come up with, the officers will put in on a computer and make it look pretty. It needs to be 2.5 inches circle, up to seven colors, and a maximum of 75% coverage. You can bring it to the meeting, mail it, or even e-mail it.

The water depth at the end of the ramp at Lake Juliette was exactly 4ft. 8in. deep on the 9th of August. So if you stand next to your boat by the wheel on the trailer and measure from the ground to about the waterline you should have an idea how much water you need and how much there is now at Lake Juliette.

# Sail Cleaning

by John Drawe

Unless you are just taking your new sails out of the bag for the first time (most of us aren't), there are usually some spots, stains etc. that we are less than pleased with but don't quite know how to attack. The most important thing to remember before starting any sail cleaning project is that your sails are made from resin coated fibers that are coated prior to weaving into cloth. That resin cannot be replaced! The resin is what makes the cloth windproof and to a degree, waterproof. If a fresh water rinse and gentle scrubbing with a soft brush won't do it, here are some other tips that may work.

Spread the sail on a smooth clean surface (not concrete) and again using a soft brush, brush it with a mild detergent solution or a cleaner such as Sail-Kleen or H.A. Callahans. (Available through Boat US or West). Let the detergent do its work and rinse well when finished. Rust stains or spots can be removed by soaking the area in a 5% solution of oxalic acid and hot water. Follow this with a soaking in a 2% solution of hydrochloric acid in warm water. Thoroughly rinse the area in fresh water. For mildew try a soaking in a 1% solution of Chlorox or Chlorox Cleanup. The mildew is not on the fabric but on the dirt that is on the fabric. After rinsing with fresh water, dry completely before bagging. These tips may not fully remove the more stubborn spots but may make them easier to live with. **GOOD LUCK**  
....SMOOTH SAILING

## Monday 12th.

I ate breakfast alone at the Iguana Cafe. Joel didn't seem to want to have anything to do with me in the mornings. I couldn't blame him, I didn't want to see his mug either. We needed our space. I refilled the scuba tanks and got a few supplies and at 1230 hrs. we shoved off for home. When we got to Content Key we buddies again and it's a good thing; we were in for another wild night! The thunder roared in from a distance as we dropped anchor. The NOAA weather forecast warned of severe winds and thunderstorms and small craft warnings. All boaters were advised to "don life jackets and go below, extremely dangerous conditions are in existence". Well folks he wasn't joking. As we got the anchor set the lightning roared like God's own cannons. There was no running from it and we donned diving masks and fins and went in. We would at least die like men and not like chickens of the sea! As the weather got worse Joel climbed aboard and affixed a set of jumper cables from the base of the mast and into the water. How stupid! I thought to myself. If we were to die, the automotive jumper cables would not save us. I continued to chase fish with the speargun I had purchased in Key West dive shop and in the surrealistic underwater dusk punctuated by white hot flashes of lightning I managed to spear a yellow tail and a sheepshead which we managed somehow to fry that night aboard the pitching boat. We ate the fish along with a can of green beans; they were absolutely delicious! (The fish - not the green beans) then the waves got bad but we were firmly anchored with our bow into the storm. We were happy in our precariousness. At least there were no mosquitoes. We were like little kids, our eyes were big with fear but at the same time we were happy and excited to be here at this time and this place, it was neat! Whee! We rocked and rolled wildly all night long.

## Tues. 13th.

The morning was beautiful and I hoisted Joel up the mast to take some pictures. A nurse shark cruised in and a bald eagle circled overhead. I snorkeled around the mangroves and came nose to nose with a 3 foot sand shark,. It was beautiful. We set sail once

diving since 1964, Joel's scuba experience on the other hand, was limited to one previous dive in which he had almost drowned. I held a brief mini-lesson explaining the do's and don'ts and we went in. After a brief acclimation to his gear, I put my regulator in my mouth and motioned for Joel to "follow me". I had dived in the Atlantic and the Pacific, Jamaica, Mexico and the Caymans but I was surprised to find that the rock was very quaint and I quickly recognized it as an excellent dive. The "Rock" was about 1/3 of an acre in size and covered in various corals and tropical fish the colors of which were breath taking. Reaching the end of the anchor line I looked back to see Joel doing nicely in his new world. His eyes seemed to bulge behind his mask at the scene which was unfolding. Ellis Rock was festooned with old encrusted anchor chain and lines lost to the craggy rock and I immediately found two old anchors that some long ago fishermen had lost. One I kept and one I gave to Joel as trophies of our dive. One look at these anchors will convince anyone that they are really antiques and had been there for a long time.

**Sunday 11th.**

On deck at 0815 hors. The boat was surrounded with beautiful royal blue fish. We had our coffee and remarked at the almost total lack of wind. We were still 40 miles from the Tortugas and what little wind there was, was blowing directly from Tortugas. We waited and waited for a favorable wind which was never to come. The promise of reaching the Tortugas died as our window of time was shrinking away. We admitted defeat as far as Tortugas was concerned but we felt little remorse as the fickle wind mocked us in sultry whispers. We bid farewell to the Marquesas and headed for Key West.

We ghosted into Key West at dark thirty and again called upon the hospitality of Conch Harbor. Hospitality at Conch Harbor costs \$56.00 per night, but is well worth the price. It was good to be back in Key West and off the boat again. We wandered once again about Key West in a sea-inspired stupor.

# Lake Juliette Sailing Club

## 97 Schedule

July

- 4-6 Charleston Harbor Cruise
- 8 Exec Meeting 7PM, Byron - Pizza Hut
- 15 Meeting - Warner Robins - Golden Corral, Russell Parkway

Aug

- 5 Exec Meeting 7PM, Byron
- 16,17 Saturday - Treasure Hunt, Moonlight Sail & Sunday - Race
- 19 Meeting - Buffalo's Restaurant, Zebulon Rd, West of I475

Sep

- 30-1 Labor Day Weekend Regatta/Cruise Augusta Sailing Club
- 2 Exec Meeting 7PM, Byron
- 13-14 Lake Lanier Cruise Weekend
- 16 Meeting - Warner Robins/Byron
- Halloween Regatta - Augusta Sailing Club

Nov

- 1-2 Golden Open - OSYC

Dec

- 5-7 Sailfest - Sanford, Fl.

# Marquesas Madness

(or)

## 'Growing old disgracefully'

By Hazardous Greg

(Continued from last month)

### **Thur. 8th.**

We headed for Duval Street where the party was starting all over again. If you've never been to Key West do yourself a favor and go. Every night is festive and it's quaint streets are filled with all sorts of interesting people out for a good time. We went from place to place enjoying the sights, the sounds, and the smells all of which combine to make the Conch Republic" a really special place. Joel doesn't drink any more and neither do I: (which is to say I don't drink any less!) but after spending so much time pitching on the high seas we walked down Duval Street in such a manner that bystanders had trouble telling which one of us had one too many!

### **Fri. - 9th.**

After a final hot shower and refurbished with supplies we set out for the Marquesas and arrived at 1800 hours. We dined on canned Chinese food and tamales. What a combo. There were five other sailboats anchored in the area and as the sun set the wind dropped to zero and out came hoards of hungry mosquitoes ready for some "fresh meat". We were forced below again.

Now comes an account of what can (and will happen to anyone when confined for a prolonged period of time aboard a small boat under less than perfect conditions. Joel Smith is one of my best friends and I am one his but in the hot confines of the tiny Viaero we began to argue. I protested his gassing of me with "Raid" TMs flying insect killer and he insisted that it was necessary in order to kill the 500 or so mosquitoes which we had sealed below with us in the cabin. I argued that I'd rather be eaten alive than asphyxiated and furthermore his lolly gagging around and sleeping half the day away annoyed me to no end. He retorted that I was slovenly and sloppy

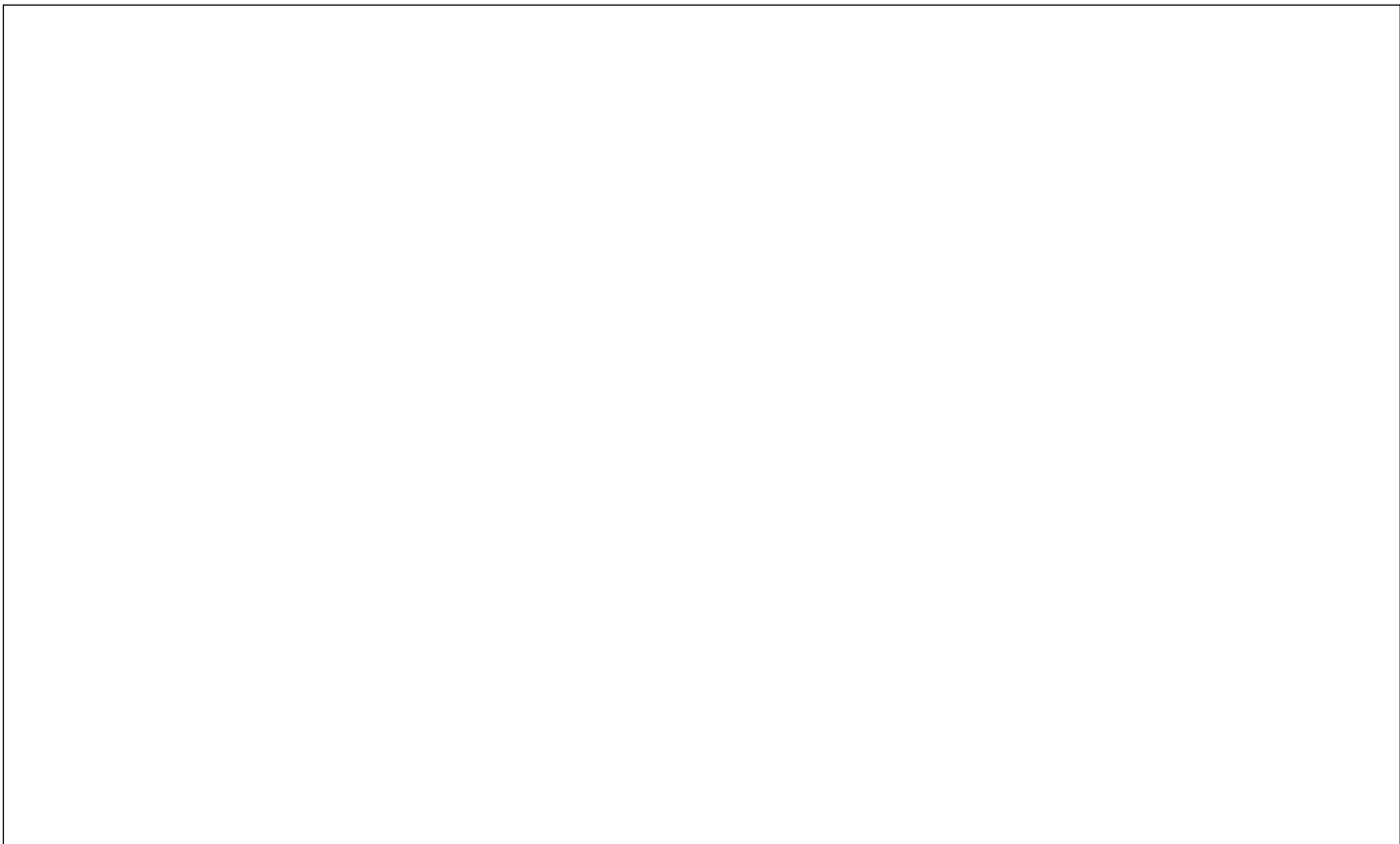
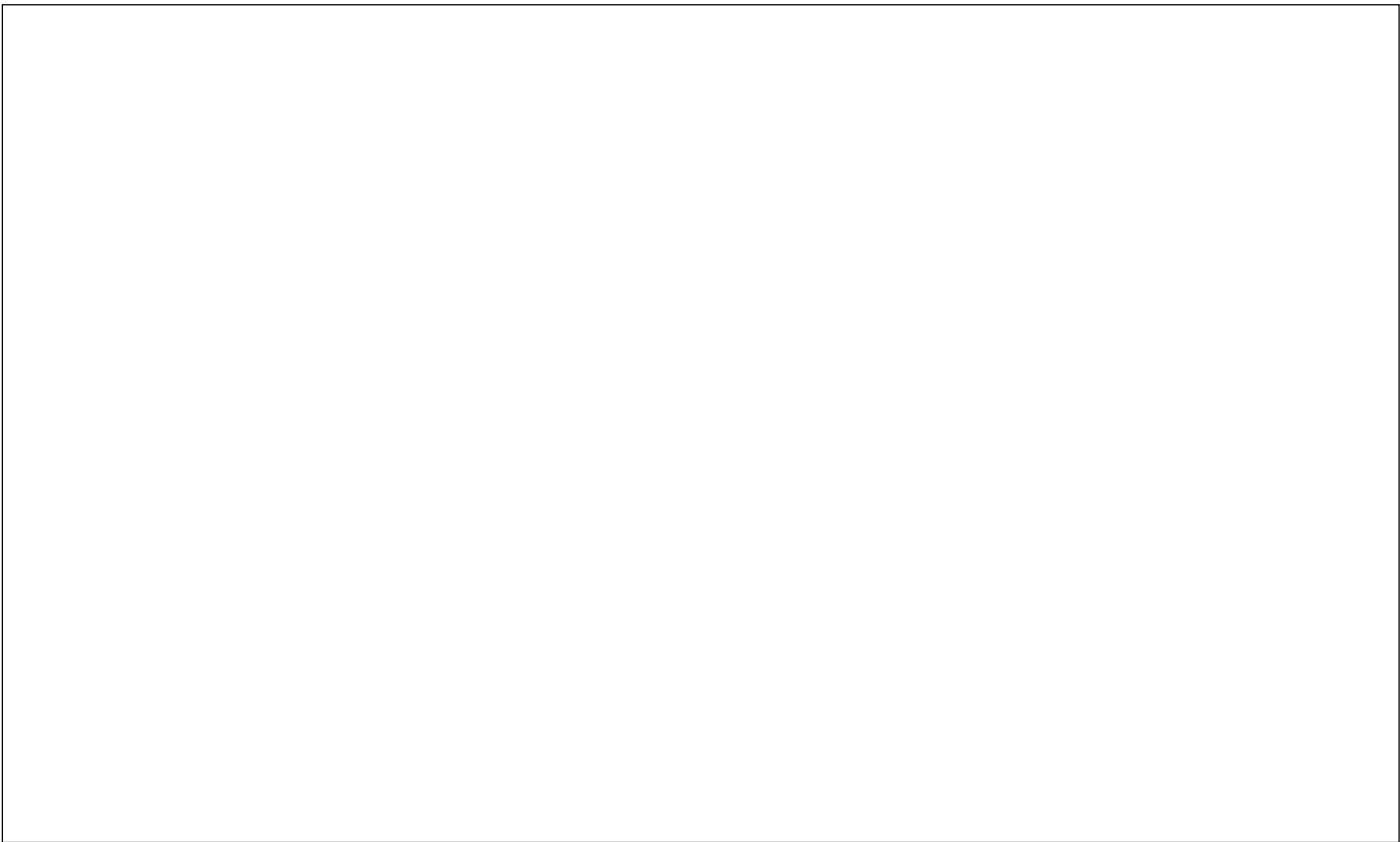
in my shipboard activities and that as far as he was concerned I was a little removed from being an animal!

Oh Yeah! Well at least "I" didn't get sea sick and have to brush my teeth and sunshower three times a day etc, etc, etc. We were the odd couple, he being Felix and I being Oscar., We argued until the "Raid"™ fumes overtook us and collapsed into deep sweaty comas. We would "have at it" a few more times before it was over. It's just part of sailing and we recognized it as such. Long hours of sun and isolation and the lack of privacy can bring friends to near blows unless the symptoms are recognized as such and acknowledged. It usually happens after a poor nights sleep and ensuing hours of rough sailing and sparked by some nuisance of bugs or a petty disagreement. I am glad to say Joel and I were still good friends in spite of our shipboard disagreements and the fact we did not kill one another only adds to our friendship.

### **Sat 10th.**

We were up early and surprise! The other sailboats were all gone! Had our arguing been that bad? I found it hard to believe they were all gone without a sail in sight. Anyway, we had the Marquesas all to ourselves and that ain't bad folks! I had brought my scuba gear along and we were ready to "get down" I asked Joel to check the chart for a good place to dive and did he ever find one. A few miles from our position was a place called Ellis Rock. A stationary buoy marked it's position and it's depth was listed at 35 ft. Perfect. We got under way immediately. I was at the helm drinking a brew and Joel was standing at the bow when all of a sudden he pointed and shouted; 'Shark"! Right there not 20 yards off the port bow I immediately saw a large fin cutting through the surface of the water in the classic manner. For a full 20 seconds we could plainly see the 6 foot hammerhead cutting swaths through the water with it's prehistoric head and razor teeth. He was a grand sight and I immediately envied him in a strange but undeniable way. He was free from emotions, jobs and taxes and would no doubt outlive me by 50 years. What a fish! His brief appearance was a highlight of the trip.

We were very near Ellis Rock and the prospect of diving in shark infested water only added to our excitement. I have been



# Treasure Hunt

&

## Moonlight Sail

Presented by Lake Juliette Sailing Club

Location: OSYC - Lake Sinclair

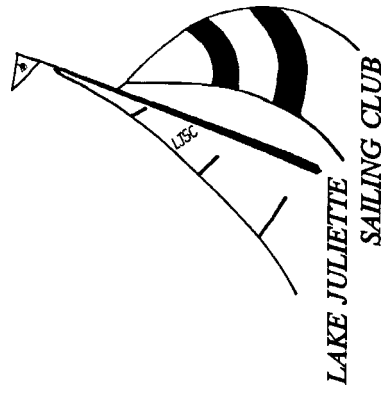
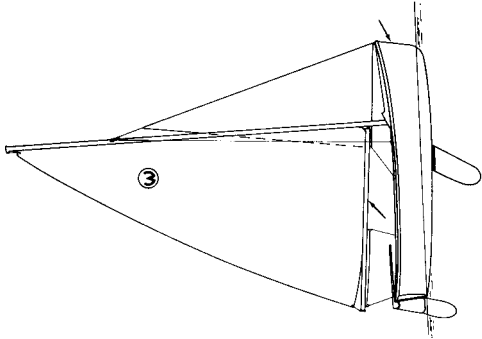
Open to: Members of OSYC & LJSC

Time: Hunt will start at 13:00

The hunt will be coordinated by Steve and Jan Dillard and will be set up to start at 13:00. A skippers meeting is scheduled for Noon and at that time maps and instructions will be made available for the treasure hunters. All participants will look for small peanut butter jars around the lake using the maps & clues supplied. Each jar will have a number in or on it which will correspond to a treasure .

After the hunt all participants will meet between 7 and 7:30 PM at Paradise Restaurant (Sinclair Marina) by boat or car for evening dinner and the distribution of treasures. After dinner, the hunters can sail back in the moonlight or stay and raft up or tie up at Sinclair Marina and sail back in the morning. The following day we will have round the buoys racing near the the Yacht Club.

There will also be camping space available for those who would like to bring a camper or tent. Don't forget to bring the children on this sailing event. They especially enjoy this because they always like surprises, and like to be in the water. Some of the prizes will require getting in the water to retrieve either from shallow water or from on shore. So bring your swim suit, mask and snorkle, small digging tool, towel, and sunblock and be prepared to just have fun.



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