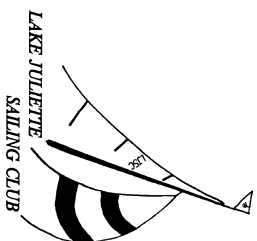
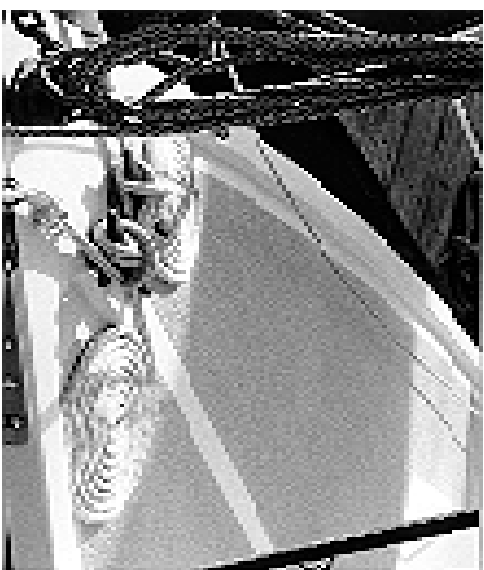


LAKE JULIETTE SAILING CLUB
Please Return Undeliverable Items to:
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JULIETTE



RUDDER

Volume 9 No. 9

Sep. 1999

1999
LJSC Sailing and Event Calender

September Events

- 3-6 Labor Day Regatta - Clark Hill in Augusta
11-12 OSYC Golden Open - Two days of racing on Lake Sinclair
21 Meeting Buffalos on Zebulon Rd. Near I475

October Events

- 8-10 Halloween Regatta - Clark Hill Augusta
8-11 Cumberland Island Cruise
17 Treasure Hunt at OSYC on Lake Sinclair
19 Meeting

November

- 16 Meeting

Additional Events with no date yet

- November Race
Lake Lanier Cruise
Commodore's Cookout
Apalachicola Cruise

*Point Races - will be included in yearly totals

Dog Island Days

Melise Raley



Johnny and I observed our 20th anniversary in May and we wanted to do something special to celebrate. We talked about a Windjammer cruise- all that food and great sailing and not doing anything unless you want to heave a line or so. Then we talked about a trip that would be more reflective of our life journey together - an expedition down the Apalachicola River to the Gulf. We did our research and checked out some launch sites but with all the dry Spring weather we couldn't find a good one so we put that trip in our future plans. We finally settled on Dog Island, a place we have been many times but every visit a different but enjoyable experience. Lots of sailing, sun, and swimming- just total relaxation we said. But wait now.. this is a "Serenity" cruise ! Some of our best memories are the unforeseen adventures that come with cruising.

We arrived at The Moorings in Carrabelle around 4:00pm, plenty of time to launch and then head for Julia Mae's for a big seafood platter! We talked to Harry Andrews the dockmaster, and he said we could have a slip for the night if we wanted. He's a great dockmaster, enthusiastic and efficient.

We launched Serenity on an outgoing tide. We have done this before and know what to expect there but things were a little trickier this time. The full moon was having it's tidal way and add on the wind from an approaching thunderstorm as well. We had to push to get Serenity away from the

launching ramp dock. Once Serenity was free and in the river current would not be a good time for our motor to act up. But what do you think happens for the only time of our whole trip? Sputtering and then nothing and Serenity is carried away with the river and toward the other moored boats. I ran to our slip on the outside and listened anxiously for the motor. Johnny tried to guide Serenity into the slip without power and almost made it but I was too far away to grab a line. Then with some expert handling of our choking motor he rallied with enough power to wedge Serenity on the tall piling of the slip and grab a line while throwing one to me. We desperately needed another hand in the boat and I another on the seawall as well. All that was holding Serenity off of a beautiful blue water cruiser named Chimera was a tangle of dock lines. Johnny fired the motor in reverse enough to reach the other piling and dock line on the stem. Mind you these slips are for large boats and it was a long way from the stern to where the bow of Serenity would be secured. All of this took some time and pulling for both of us and did you forget about-the storm? It's almost upon us as everything is finally secure. Julia Mae's seafood never smelled so good as we stepped through the screen door just as the rain came poring down. Great timing' This set the pace for a whole week of good timing (sometimes kind of close), fair winds and following seas. That night after fighting off some nasty no-see-ums and trying to figure out some strange clicking sounds under our boat we drifted off to the sound of a live band and a singer belting out Jimmy Buffet turtles at a bar down the river.

Saturday morning found us puttering down Carrabelle River past the old Shrimp boats like the Coral Sea and Jennifer Lou.



Area Events of interest:

Cont.

Sep. 19 Kickerbocker Cup, ESPN - 2PM EST, Check local listing for details and confirmation

Sep. 18-19 Thistle Old Goat Regatta, Lake Lanier, GA Dave Reddaway (770) 945-4426

Sep 25-26 Thistle Wild Turkey Regatta, OSYC, Lake Sinclair, Ken Obst, (912) 929-0762

The Cumberland Island Cruise scheduled earlier for Labor Day Weekend is now rescheduled for the weekend of 8-11th of October. We cruised there last year at that time and it proved to be a comfortable time to go. The weather was warm during the day but cooled off at night some so we could sleep. This year we plan to spend a day visiting Fernandina Beach again because it was a highlight of the trip last year. If the weather works out the launch times would be just after the between 7:30 and 9AM or late evening depending on what day you plan to launch and retrieval on Monday about 4-5 in the afternoon. If you are planing on going, let me know so I can fill you in on the exact tide info for your launch planning. Launching at St Marys is now a past experience for many of us and we can fill in anyone that needs some tips. As always, these cruises will always remain flexable in case the weather turns bad or LJSC members decide they cannot make the trip, if you are planning on going, keep in touch so you are not suprised when only you show up on the dock.

Bob....

Notices

The Sep. 21st. Meeting will be held at Buffalos, on Zebulan Rd. Just off I475. Plan to eat at 7PM and the meeting will follow with topics to be discussed including the Labor Day Weekend cruise to Clarks Hill (Augusta Sailing Club) and the Cumberland Island/Fernandina Beach cruise. Also to be discussed will be the Oct. 17th. Annual Treasure Hunt and of course results of the OSYC Golden Open Regatta on 11-12 Sep.

The Annual Treasure Hunt for 1999 has been postponed. There is not enough water in Lake Juliette as usual and the scheduled date of Sept 19th is not a good day at OSYC to host it. After talking with Mike Bragg, we came up with Sunday the 17th of October for the Treasure Hunt, to be held at OSYC with members of both clubs invited to this event. This will also give more time for announcements to go out to the members of OSYC.

For Sale:

Sunbird - 16ft. 3 sails, trailer, electric motor, misc equipment (anchor, line, life jacket) \$1000.00 Contact Ron Katz at (912) 742-3556, or at "autowizr@aol.com"

Mystere 5.5 - 1995 - Catamaran, great shape, roller jib, galvanized trailer w/toy box (to put sails, jackets, etc. in) Trax beach wheels (for easy launching on beach) boat cover, cradles. \$4300.00 Contact Bill Shaw (912) 784-2564 W or (912) 994-4030 H, or "VXLV64A@prodigy.com"

Area Events of interest:

Sep. 16-19 Newport Internation Boat Show - Newport RI.

Yachting Center - (401) 846-1115

Oct. 7-11 U.S. Sailing Show - Annapolis Md. - City dock

Nov 4-7 Sail Expo- St. Petersburg Fl. Vinoy Marina & Downtown

There are signs of change along the waterfront these days, some good and some bad in my opinion. New docks are replacing some long rotted away but behind those dock are springing up condo units and I in my fondness for the little fishing villages of Carabelle and Apalachicola feel a pang of grief every time I see another realty sign along the waterfront or the shore.

Soon we were well into the bay behind Dog Island and decided to raise the sails and go through the pass between Dog Island and St. George Island into the open water for a while. It was a great day for sailing and we had talked about circum-navigating Dog Island but the winds were not favorable for that and we didn't want to work too hard on this trip you know. The channel is well marked and we sailed back around and into shipping cove where a lot of boats were anchored for the day and many sailboats that would stay the night. A little lunch and then we headed for the beach where we were surprised to see that the place we usually cross is so flat, we could clearly see Serenity in the bay side. The old ship-wreck we like to check out on the ocean side was farther out because of beach erosion. We took a long walk down to the western tip of the island and the cut we had come through. We found the top of a cabin cruiser almost completely buried in sand. Was the rest of the boat there? It would take an ambitious kid with a shovel to find out! We found a big heavy shrimp net washed ashore and a nice piece of teak trim that we



for 3-5ft seas, and scattered evening storms. We decided to sail on the outside of St. George because it is a straight shot with good deep water and no channel markers to watch for until Government Cut. [Dolphins escort us away as we anticipate a great day of sailing. We motor through the channel, the sunken trawler a sobering reminder of the respect these waters demand of mariners.

I was on deck to raise the sails and we were met with heavy swells coming through the channel. I wasn't expecting this, I didn't have my offshore vest on that I always make a rule to wear when doing tasks on deck in the ocean or rough water. Suddenly I was on such a bucking bronco of a deck that I couldn't get my vest on without much ado. I didn't want to let go for a second in the heaving swells and I didn't feel comfortable making my way back to the cockpit either. Johnny rounded into the wind and I managed to get the vest on and attempt to raise the mainsail. By now the deck was so slippery with sea spray I could hardly come to my knees to pull the halyard. Johnny implored me to get back in the cockpit but the big rollers kept coming. He finally laughed and said he wished he had a picture of me - legs sprawled for balance and hanging on to the mast for dear life - and I'm ashamed to say I had but two printable words for him - ROLLER FURLING!

This was going nowhere so we turned around and would you believe we raised the



sails down wind without too much trouble and I made my way to the cockpit and collapsed. If you wonder why I'm the deckhand and Johnny's at the helm in rough situations, it's because I have more faith in him retrieving me should I become disabled in the water than I of his 200 plus self should he go overboard. We are finally underway and bound for open waters. We agreed that if we did not feel comfortable or were not making good headway it was back to the bayside - no hard work for us on this trip you know.

The swells looked larger than 5ft and we were moving along quite nicely. We decided Serenity could handle these swells but we looked closely at the sky because a storm might be a little unsettling. The weather was fine so we decided to sail on glad to leave the channel behind. We settled into a heady rhythm with the wind and sea and not another boat in sight. As we pressed farther off shore to make the most of the wind I had this idea that ocean passage making alone may be a little like this and I had this edgy feeling between joy and fear that was so satisfying somehow.

I have some non-sailing friends who are so intrigued by our little "adventures" and they say "You have the most interesting life" and our cruising trips with the club seem so Bohemian. For some, sailors will forever be romantic and intriguing. Or to others, a real lunatic who-wants to work so hard at making a living or having fun.

I will leave you with an example of the high esteem that a sailor commands in the words of Evan's friend James. Many of you know Larry Tomlinson who sails regularly on Lake Juliette. When James saw L.T. there one day he was amazed to see him rigging his boat to sail. James knew him as a science teacher at the high school. "Wow," James said "I thought Mr. T was just a plain old man! I didn't know he was a sailor!" Need I say more? Next time—On to Apalachicola!!

Melise

will add to our collection of things we will do something with one day. I forgot to mention the sunken shrimp boat in the island cut. I wondered if the nets came from it? We must never forget the way the weather conditions can change so suddenly in this area. When we started our walk the surf was really rough but on our return we had a nice swim while keeping an eye on some clouds forming over the mainland.

Around 4:00pm we headed to Serenity to find our anchorage for the night and cook some supper. Motoring for our anchorage we saw the Megali Kira, a Compac 27 we had admired on our last Memorial Day cruise. We waved to skipper and crew and after admiring each other's boat, the couple from Tallahassee invited us aboard for a tour. Megali Kira means "Great Lady" in Greek. They will be retiring in a few years and may sell her to by a bigger boat for passage making possibly to the Mediterranean. I can tell a well cared for and loved boat when I see it and this was one of them. Sometimes it's the little things that stand out to me the most. Ship's dog, Aristotle was very well behaved indeed. Johnny, don't you see a Compac 27 in our future one day?



Winds were calm during our visit but no sooner had we anchored after leaving them, the wind really picked up. The couple had headed for the shore on in their zodiac to meet some fellow Power Squadron members and we knew they would have a rough ride back. The forecast was for wind 10-15 Knots but at times this northeast blow had Serenity rocking to 30° starboard and stuff was sliding every where. I told Johnny,

tor. In our disgust we abandoned the Sunday Race and decided to pursue some cruising for pleasure instead. Our three boats went 10 miles up the lake to a marina to listen to a band play - we rafted up with 4-5 Augusta members. We ate, listened to music and socialized for a while. After the band finished we all went to find our own little cove to anchor for the night.

The next morning - lo and behold - STUMPS!! How many of us missed the stumps sticking up out of the water, we will never know. (Ed Note: The water around some of these 'stumps' was 40 to 50 ft. deep) On Sunday we sailed up to Savannah Lakes - a resort at the top of the Lake, another 7 - 8 miles, bucking a lake warning of 15 -25 mile an hour winds on the nose. It was a challenging sail, with all of us sailing with the rail in the water. We had a nice dinner at the resort and decided to spend the night there. The Dilliards left early Monday morning and Bob and us left a little later. With the wind at our back, flying the spinnaker, we made good time, except for a small little mishap. After sailing for an hour and a half, the winds suddenly changed 130 degrees, and we found out just how much our little boat can heel, without taking on too much water. (about 40 degrees and ending up being an exciting couple of minutes.) Needless to say we decided to stop and have a swim so that we could both regroup (and stop shaking). When we got back to the club there was no one there and to add insult to injury they had not even posted the results from Saturdays race. We loved the club, loved the lake, loved the people, and had a great time but we think that their race committee should take Race Committee 101 (How to run a Fair Race). And we didn't even get a t-shirt for our \$25.

The next race will be Saturday the 16th of October at OSYC, with Captains meeting at 12:00. There will be two races with maybe a midnight cruise. Plan to sleep over and party with us for Sunday will be Annual LJSC Treasure Hunt.

At this time we believe that the Cumberland Cruise will be on the weekend of Oct. 8 - 11th. But we will finalize this and let you know.

We will have a final race of the season, in November, which will be announced later. Happy Sailing.

Ron & Linda

Race News!

On August 14th, eight boats started from OSYC sailing 2 1/2 miles to Nancy Branch, around the buoy and back to OSYC. This ended up being an 7 - 8 mile course, depending upon how much you tacked. Everybody raced hard - there was only one little problem. When we got to Nancy Branch - there was no buoy - someone had stolen it!! So we all turned at approximately the same place (?) and sailed back to OSYC to the finish. (What's a tenth of a mile among friends!) At the end it was a close race to the finish between Risk Factor and Sea Witch . . with Risk Factor easing over the finish line first. In third place was K.W.

Labor Day Cruise Race - The Dilliards and the Katzs got to The Augusta Sailing Club on Friday night and launched in the dusk & dark and got psyched up for the next days' race. It cost \$25.00 to enter - there were 40 - 50 boats racing, in four different categories, with 9 - 12 cruisers. They told us at the Captains' meeting that instructions were to be given from the committee boat on where the course would be. Here's where the fun started..... not only did we have to figure out when you should start because there were four starts at 5 minute intervals with each start sailing a different course, we had to try to first maneuver around all these little boats (CY15s & J14s) to try to get close enough to read the scribble on a chalk board. The scribble on the board turned out to be a list of government marker buoys which were not on the map they gave us. So now we had to figure out when to start, where to go, and where were the markers? Thankfully, we happened to have a map that Bob Horan had given us last year, that showed some of the markers. Because we couldn't find all of the markers on the map, we figured that we'd just have to follow one of the Augusta boats to find them. So we got behind a J24 - we got a great start even though we didn't realize that we had started. Obviously the J-24 blew us away and got so far ahead of us that we couldn't follow him to the markers, but we persevered and finally finished the race by asking a boat we saw where the finish line was and he replied "Over!" We ended up sailing over 19 miles. Steve wasn't so lucky. After some problems the Dilliards dropped out of the race and went swimming. Bob choose to be smart and was a specta-

"Fella it's too rough to feed ye," but we were OK, (Julia Mae leftovers and dramamine). We had just put on a CD and decided to sit back and try to enjoy our anchor ride when some guy tried to anchor a 35ft cruiser right next to us. Everyone around had settled into a hopefully safe position with swinging room. Finally he reluctantly moved, but in this blow everyone needed lots of swinging room. Around 8:00pm conditions were better, only the occasional heel to 15° and otherwise fair skies. 26 boats were anchored for the night and I was in the cockpit watching the sun descend. The wind was blowing relentlessly and as we swung on Serenity's trustworthy anchor, I remembered the last time I was anchored here. Last Memorial Day weekend, the rest of LJSC had returned to Apalachicola, Johnny and I spent another night in Shipping Cove with only two other boats anchored. Around midnight I was reading in the cockpit, Serenity suspended on a calm glassy sea when I was startled by a blowing and churning in the water right beside me. I had instinctively known what it was but I had to scare Johnny out of his wits too, and grab the spotlight to see what it was. Dolphins were feeding all around our boat, their phosphorescent wakes the most magical thing I think I ever will see! I have no picture, but can only tell about or draw one day the sight of their forms as they surfaced, their fins shining in the inky blackness. We watched then for 30 minutes or more until we could only hear them in the distance and then I lay on the deck and looked at a million stars and contemplated what I had just see and my smallness in the universe- real philosophical stuff you know. So tonight I'm in the same cove on a really different night - around 3:00am I almost fall out of my bunk with a big wind gust. Not able to sleep, I climbed into the cockpit to see another surreal sight. The full moon was shining over the island and the other anchored boats were a silhouette on a churning, glittering sea. You just had to be there.

Next morning the wind was still blowing. Our breakfast was bread, cheese, fruit and dramamine, for our journey on to Apalachicola. The forecast was