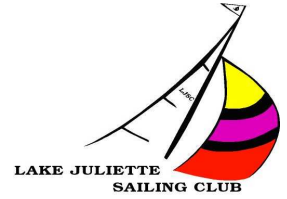


The RUDDER

A Publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club



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Next Meeting
 China Buffet – 2010 Riverside Dr.
 Tuesday, August 19th
 Room reserved at 6:30 PM
 Meeting starts at about 7:00 PM

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 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.

Minutes of May 20, 2003 Meeting

Our 'Fearless Leader', his Right Honorable Curmudgeonness, Steve Dillard, opened the show by welcoming the new members and some old ones that haven't been seen for a while. We've missed you, Kenny! Ron slipped in a request for a change in the culinary venue. (I think he just wants to find a place that serves adult beverages...come to think of it, not a bad idea. Got Grog?)

Bob Horan gave us an erudite update on the progress of the Treasure Hunt and promised enlightening details to follow. (Which, as promised, can be perused at your leisure elsewhere in this nattering, nautical nostrum.)

The general discussion turned to Labor Day and the planned excursion to lovely Lake Martin. More details and tidbits for our edification were thrown about that I couldn't keep up with who was expounding on what. (I gotta learn shorthand!) I did manage to gather that the regular slips at Wind Creek Park were still five bucks a night and they also had finished running electricity and water to some for an additional fee. I did write down what the additional fee was but I can't read my writing so if your interested bring it up at the next meeting and hopefully your curiosity can be fully placated. Sorry 'bout that.

Ron brought up some other venues for possible cruises and these were kicked about for a bit. Notably, Clarks Hill (or Lake Strom Thurmond if you prefer) and St. Augustine Florida, and Bob allowed as how we could make some trips on a non-holiday weekend and reminded us that the Sinclair Open at OSYC was the 23rd of August.

The membership then began it's ritual descent into conversational chaos and I could no longer keep coherent track of anything of importance. We all played well together and went home.

-Gimp

Schedule of Events for 2003 are as follows:

Labor Day Weekend Lake Martin, AL
 Treasure Hunt & Commodores Cookout.....
 Sept. 13 – Lake Juliette
 Rodeo (revisited) Sept. 14th

OSYC Open Events

Sinclair Open Aug. 23
 Halloween Regatta Nov. 1-2

13th Annual Treasure Hunt

Bob Horan

The lake is up, the water is warm and it is going to be time soon for the Lake Juliette Sailing Club's 13th Annual Treasure Hunt. I have volunteered to manage this event. I have scheduled it for Saturday the 13th of September. I have been working on the treasure map and already have a good list of treasure locations, additional treasure clues and am looking forward to doing this event. Be sure to put this one on your calendar it should be a lot of fun. The Hunt will begin at 13:00, with the skippers meeting at 12:00. There will be a set of rules distributed on Saturday morning and then the treasure maps will be passed out to give each skipper & crew about one hour as

they sail out from the dock to study the map before the Hunt start. Please do not sail our past the Hunt Starting line before you hear the starting horn. I will have placed some of the jars in some pretty shallow water and of course on shore, so be sure to wear a swim suit or have your crew wear a swim suit so one of you can swim or wade for these treasure jars. Contrary to popular requests, there will not be a swimsuit contest. **(C'mon Bob, the girls all say you look mighty cute in them Speed-o's!)**

Some of the rules are listed below:

Please: NO treasure hunter past the starting line until the official hunt start.

No motors within 5min of the start, Please! --- Sails and Paddles only!

Locations of the treasure jars are marked on map with an "O"

Those treasure jars actually under water are painted white and are marked on the map with a minus sign.

Additional jars are not marked on the map but must be found using the hints on the back of the map.

First person to grab the jar, gets the treasure, swimming, walking, running and diving are allowed. No fighting please!!!

Start time 13:00,

Start line will be setup in front of the Camping area point to my sailboat anchored across the channel near the island.

Awards will be at 17:00 at the Picnic Table in the shade, by the fish cutting area at the boat ramp

"Lettitor" from the Editor

"Slack the Ree-b-fore!"...or "All Hams on Duck"

The first time I ever set foot on a blow-boat was like vacationing in a foreign country. The first thing that hits you is the language barrier. Oh, I had a couple friends that were always talking about their boats or the new one they were interested in. I would listen with half an ear and a vacuous smile to their enthusiastic descriptions. How this one had a 'lap-straked fizen whasis' and it was better than the 'galled-raked cattywhompus' but if he just had the money he'd 'go for one that had a 'flush mounted gimble who-zit', now wouldn't that just be the felines posterior!" And I'd give 'em that "I can't let 'em know that I'm this ignorant" smile and mumble some agreeable platitudes. I was totally un-impressed and thought that they suffered from some strange malady until that fateful day I took my first sailboat ride.

K.W. had been trying to get me to go out on his Islander 21 for weeks but we just never seemed to be able to get together. D. Wilson had been after me to go out on his Southcoast 22 also, with about the same results. Then one Saturday I was up at D. Wilson's Wrench Ranch tinkering with one of my many dilapidated junkers that I use for transportation, trying to get it to run for a couple more weeks. D. had been under a Porsche all day and we were both hot, sweaty and greasy. Well O.K., I was the greasy one. D. seems to be able to perform major surgery on a 20 year old Mercedes diesel that has been pumping more oil than Exxon from every orifice, seal and gasket surface and wind up with just a faint smear of 50 weight on his left knuckle. On the other hand, I can contemplate gapping a spark plug and begin to look like I fell in the grease pit. There must be a trick to that. At any rate, we had been working since early morning and about mid

afternoon D. rolled out from under the Porsche, mumbled an expletive (probably just to keep all of mine company), sat up on his creeper and said "The hell with this crap, let's go sailing!" I replied "If there is a cold beer involved, I'll go skinny-dippin' in the septic tank!" He had been doing some work on Gene McDaniels old Rhodes 19 and Gene had given permission for the use of it if he wanted. We loaded it up, made arrangements for meeting our significant others and headed for the lake.

It all started in the parking lot at the lake. He informed me the first thing we had to do was 'step the mast'. Well, I was pretty sure that the mast was that long skinny pole strapped length-wise to the top of the boat, what I wasn't real clear on was just where, exactly, he wanted me to be steppin' on it and why. After clearing up this confusion I was handed a mass of coiled and tangled steel cable and invited to 'rig the back-stay', to which I replied smartly "Huh?" When he got to talking about 'shrouds' I had to wonder if we were going sailing or was he planning on burying me at sea. Not that I could blame him, he was doing all the work and I was standing around trying not to look stupid with a considerable lack of success. We finally got the mast up without getting any footprints on it and only a slight glazing over my eyeballs.

Next came the sails. I was handed a laundry bag with what looked like a very stiff bed-sheet in it and told to 'hank on the jib'. Not knowing who or where 'Hank' was I responded with that blank stare I had been perfecting. He elaborated with "you shackle the head to the halyard, the hanks to the forestay, the tack to the eye at the bow and attach the sheets to the clew". I replied, "Clue? Man I've barely got a grip and I sure as hell haven't got a clue!" This was also when I began to get an inkling of the fact that there are no 'ropes' on a boat in spite of what my eyes were telling me. It seemed that every piece of rope (and there was a lot of it) had it's own name. We proceeded in this fashion amidst my growing confusion and consternation and his wry amusement until we finally got the boat in the water. I figured my confusion would begin to abate and things would begin to settle in a bit now that the hard part was over. Hey, I did know 'port' from 'starboard'!

Wrong-a-mundo, Buffalo Bob! Now my education truly began. Bewildered by commands like 'pass the sheet around the shroud and through the pad-eye, loop it around the winch and lay it on the cam-cleat...but don't dog it!' To which I replied "Whadda !@*%\$#!!???, will you PLEASE speak english!" The request fell on deaf ears. I was endlessly belabored by a barrage of seemingly senseless terminology phrased in the form of requests for some kind of action on my part, which had to be repeated after being broken down into mostly monosyllabic utterances faintly resembling the potty training of a three year old. Great for the old self-esteem!

Eventually the gals showed up and we cast off from the dock. What ensued was one of the most pleasurable afternoons I had ever spent. In spite of having to wrap my feeble brain around such terms as 'ease', 'trim', 'tack', 'gybe', 'tail', 'headed', 'lift', 'close-hauled', 'reach', 'run'...well, you get the picture, it was great. We had so much fun that we didn't want to quit. In fact, we didn't. We ran into K.W. and his crew out on their Islander and when D. Wilson and his 'Darling Bride' decided they had had enough, we transferred to K.W.'s boat and continued into the wee hours of the morning. By the time we left, the seed that had been planted had germinated, sprouted and was in full flower! I spent the next month figuring out how to get my own boat and going out with who-ever had the patience and fortitude to put up with us. We finally got a boat of our own, D's old Southcoast 22, and the educational

process began in earnest. I bought several books on the subject, which really helped with the terminology but I have yet to find a definitive tome on 'nautical terminology'. That's the great thing about sailing, you're always learning. By the way, anybody know what a 'squirb-nockit' is?

Gimp

The Beautiful Calm Keys

Mike Nixon

The timing couldn't have been better. We left Saturday at 1:00 PM and made it to Melbourne, Florida Saturday night. It was only three hours to the Miami airport. We left early on Sunday a.m. to pick up our friend Tracy coming from St. Louis. Tracy is a world traveler. She had taken Linda and I with her and a ski club out of St. Louis to Kitzbuhel Austria March of 2002. She jumped at the chance to meet us in Florida for an adventure in the Keys.

We arrived at the Miami airport just as planned...perfect timing. But first we make a wrong turn inside the airport – can we make it under the height restrictions at the tunnel that we shouldn't be going in? A very nice security guard stopped with us, we sized it up and realized we could proceed, slowly – yep, made it as it was built for the buses to clear. Now, circle around and try it again – no problems, picked up our friend, and off to Key Largo!

We made it to Key Largo, John Pennekamp State Park, and the weather was beautiful. We "unfurled the boat". This was the first time my "crew" (aka Linda) and I had done this part alone - calm, smooth, no shouting, a real team – an omen of the things to come? The DockMaster at the park suggested going to West Marine not far away to secure a good chart of the waters. A \$35 chart was recommended. We found one for \$15 and it had a lot more color to it, we're cookin'! We discussed our snorkeling plans with one of the "old salts" who worked there, a very nice gentleman. He showed us some places that he would recommend that would be easy to get to, Mosquito Bank, Cotton Patch Bank, to name the two easiest - both about 3 miles off shore.

Next day we enjoyed the start of the day while Tracy returns from her morning trip scuba diving. She reported back: seas outside the reef 4-6 feet – ooohhh.....water choppy! We decided to check it out! So we packed up and headed to the boat berthed at the John Pennekamp state park.

Hadn't experienced berthing w/ 4 poles to tie up to instead of a floating dock. Well, fortunately, the area only has 2 foot tide change – and that is with the full moon that we had. That was a relief. Our first try tying up the boat the day before now looked like an alien spider had secured a meal – we had lines going every which way. The boat was still there though so.... It Worked by Golly!

We checked with the Pennekamp DockMaster. Inside the reef seas were 2-3 feet, water very choppy – not great according to her. She "RECOMMENDED" that we should sail in the Largo Lagoon instead of the ocean water. Tracy and the Captain were undeterred to see what it was like for ourselves, the third – the "crew" – was keeping quiet, but obliging.

The dream:

We cranked our 9.9 Suzuki. No sweat like usual, what a sweet beast. We motored out through a beautiful, wide and deep channel, just a few hundred yards to the ocean. It took no time at all and all systems were good to go. Fellow sailboats dotted the seascape, some tied to mooring balls

snorkeling, others enjoying the breezes as sailboats should. We too took to the oceans as if it was Lake Martin, what's the difference except the layer of salt? We set our course and never had to change tack. We used our GPS like it was intended, went directly to the Mosquito Bank. We sailed the three miles, porpoises leading the way, rounded up to the mooring ball, tied on and relaxed for the afternoon. We put up the sunscreen I had made just for this trip out of pvc and a tarp. This "umbrella" covered a 10' long by 8' wide stretch. Enough to give the cockpit and the hatch complete, wonderful, shade. We took our time, each entering the water as we were ready. The first person in, Tracy, spotted fish that required the other two to get in a.s.a.p. so as not to miss the brilliant show. Jimmy Buffet was playing on the boats' stereo. The sun was full but the sky was dotted with puffy white clouds, nothing menacing except for those dragons and creatures that we could imagine in the outlines. What an adventure! If this was day one what could we expect from the next two days.

The reality:

We cranked the 9.9 Suzuki. No sweat like usual, what a sweet beast. [That part is true.] We started to motor out but all of a sudden the sweet beast was leaning to one side and began to engage its propeller with the rudder – quite unsettling. "It's going to fall off" remarked the "crew" – the tone and volume was more like the first stages of panic. "Go back to the dock" the captain was instructed. "No, just let me tighten the left screw that attaches the motor to the bracket". There, no problem, it was fixed. The "crew" had actually assisted in loading the motor to the mount and was responsible for tightening this screw – this would be discussed at length later. Ok, continue on. So, now we are motoring down this channel toward the open water. There are ICW-like channel markers in the water so we decide we best track them, recording them on paper with pencil so that we can retrace our steps, I mean, Our Course, to return to our berth. Boy this was narrow, and it got shallow on each side where the mangrove trees define the channel. Boat was doing fine, sails down but main was reefed for the 15-20 mph winds that we are told awaited us. "I just want to get a feel for what the seas are like. If we don't like it we return". This is our charge, our mission for the day, our goal, our agreed upon limits by which the comfort of the "crew" then guide our next step. It is in stone. That is good.

We come to a bend. The length of this channel is not clear on our pretty, colored chart. It seems to lack some of the detail we'd like but the reefs are marked well, we just have to get out to open water. Around the bend is this giant of a catamaran coming at us – it has to be coming directly at us because it's taking up the channel! The boat is probably 50 feet in length and it appears to be coming at full speed. Isn't this channel protected by no wakes? We respect nature that surrounds us by going at minimal wake why not everyone else – ok, so we are going slow to be cautious... We prepare ourselves to pass – we hug the mangrove. Ok, we are both going to fit, but.... Look at that WAKE! It rocks our boat as if we were already out in open water. I was proud that this test of nerve had been challenged, we were fine, the boat can handle much bigger waves than that. Just a little bumpy. But the "crew" had not signed up for survival training. We may have survived but an unsettling feeling was beginning to settle in. Still more meanderings, left bends, right, we now see more boats coming our way. We are better positioned for the wakes and ride them nicely. We finally see open water and the channel markers that we still must drive through to get to "sail-raisin" territory. This last channel is more narrow than what

we had experienced. We had to pass three more boats. They were much more gentle and slowed for us. I think they too, could not really see how we would do this because slender water was easy to see on each side.

THERE, we made it to open water, yes, a little choppy. Yes, probably the 2-3 foot seas that were predicted. Let's raise the sail. Now, "crew" "point the boat to wind" – "What?". "Go directly in the wind". "What am I doing?" [tone elevated] "Just look at the windex and make the needle point forward." "What the hell is a windex?!" [not enough exclamation marks could emphasize the tone here.] "The windvane, you know, on top of the mast." "Why didn't you call it that, I didn't know what you were talking about, you can't come back from your classes and then start calling things different [I had taken a 5 day coastal-keelboat class from Joe Jurskis at Blackbeard sailing school in May. He had adjusted my vocabulary and I indeed had shifted my speech somewhat. I was calling this device a windex – the namebrand.]. I don't like this, the crew exclaimed, we are not prepared, this isn't working, the harbor master told us it was messy out here." "Ok, let's just sail it a little bit and see how she feels [the boat]." "Now, let's look at our GPS." We hadn't been able to load waypoints in the Garmin GPSMap 76 before departing. Real nice unit but at the berth we could not find in the manual how to enter by hand a waypoint. I have done it before but it escaped me when I needed it. The only instructions were how to load one from the connection with the computer – we had no stinkin' computer and shouldn't need one!

"So let's just mark our current location on paper, and watch the GPS as we move toward Mosquito bank. We know where that is, we know our movement, let's move in that direction." The "crew" makes the point that we are not on Lake Martin, that this is the ocean, that we are the only sailboats here, that the seas are rougher than normal. OK... **We have achieved our goal**, the captain announces. [We cannot use the "majority rules" here, you understand. This "crew" is a special crew that needs to last the lifetime. Captain's judgement calls this adventure a success, remember – {"I just want to get a feel for what the seas are like. If we don't like it we return". This is our charge, our mission for the day, our goal, our agreed upon limits by which the comfort of the "crew" then guide our next step. It is in stone.} That is good. We have achieved win-win, we turn tail and head back to our favorite channel only 200 yards away.

We motor to the Largo Sound. This is nice sized "lake" protected on all sides by mangroves. A channel connects us to it and we sail, proudly in this body of water – saltwater, mind you. We decide to find one of the mooring balls to tie up to take a swim. No shade needed as we were only going to be here an hour or so. We snorkel and enjoy this protected body. We see a large school of fish that wasted no time in gathering under the boat. We see a polyp of choral growing on the rode to the buoy anchor – it's blue, we were there! Captain sees a nurse shark – thanks to the old PBS Nature shows I know what one looks like. Did not spook the "crew" but casually reported my find a minute or so after the discovery.

We are finally relaxed. We reflect on our trip and agree our decision to return inland to this spot was a good one – we had done as the mission dictated. Time to begin heading toward berth. Captain decides that the wind is reasonable – about 8 mph – and no reef is needed in the main and the jib can be released. Captain Joe Jurskis had shown me a configuration that I needed to employ on my own. He had connected two blocks to the jib clew to which we could hook

small jib sheets and control the jib much easier using this new leverage. It had worked fine during my training. I connected said configuration. We raised sail prepared for release from the buoy. No sweat. Raised jib after the main was set – oops, lines are leading inside of shrouds not outside. "Crew" has to adjust, tension resets. While sailing to windward, centerboard is up {it's not considered necessary as the 800 ballast is house in the "full" keel, using the centerboard for optimum up-wind performance} but we were not making enough momentum to come about. Third time I gave up and jibed to change course. Tension increases.

We make it to channel, douse sails and motor back to berth. We harness the docking poles and tie up like pros this time – goes unnoticed until much later. Ok, we enjoyed our time in the Sound. We are going to have to wait on tomorrow's weather to determine our course - of action.

Next day, weather predictions are the same even though Captain Morgan and Captain Nixon figured out waypoints. "Crew" awakes at 4:00 in cold sweat, "Don't make me go, you can't make me go!!..." – well, not quite that bad, but she did have a good idea – let's take a catamaran out, it's only \$30 apiece. Captain agrees. Good viewing on Mosquito Bank. Third day another boat, this time out of the state park goes to Banana reef for even more spectacular viewing. Good time, hurt pride but enjoying the water, company and seafood.

Largest lesson learned? We really appreciate being with the LJSC on a trip. Group decisions, experienced captains, shared problems and solutions. Captain Earl and the "crew" are looking forward to another salty adventure but with others this time. We will begin again on Lake Martin when the group joins us on our home lake for the Labor Day sail.

Classified Ads

Tanzer 22: Sail # 476 center board model, 8hp Johnson custom trailer built for Tanzer, good tires with spare, single handed mast stepping jack, full sail inventory incl. A new 2" whisker pole, sail cover for main, 2 rudders-new and original, extra tiller handle, new 4" cockpit cushions, port-a-potty, compass, lines, life jackets, anchor, fenders and more. This boat is a joy to sail and a proven winner, it loves weather! The boat is located in Ocala, FL. Asking \$6,000.00. **Call Mike Sherlock, Hm-(352) 489-4617, Wk- 1-800-476-6624.**

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.
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Contact Phil Martin; 478-751-7363

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MacGregor 26; 1990 waterballast centerboard w. 8 hp Nissan, 2 jibs, VHF, depth, knot meter, prop. Stove, porta potty, cushions, dodger. Exc. Shape. Kept in enclosed shed

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